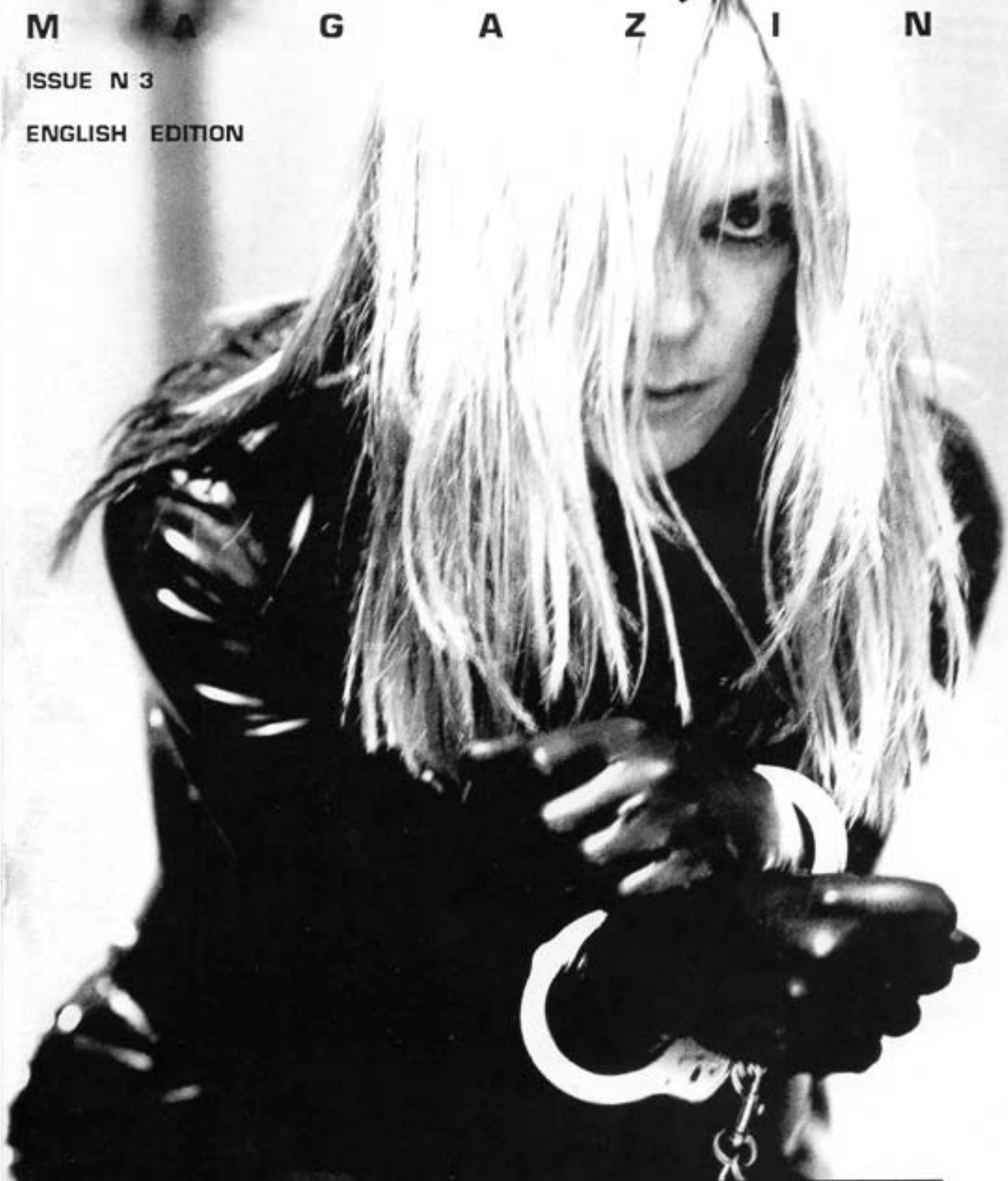


SECRET

M A G A Z I N E

ISSUE N°3

ENGLISH EDITION



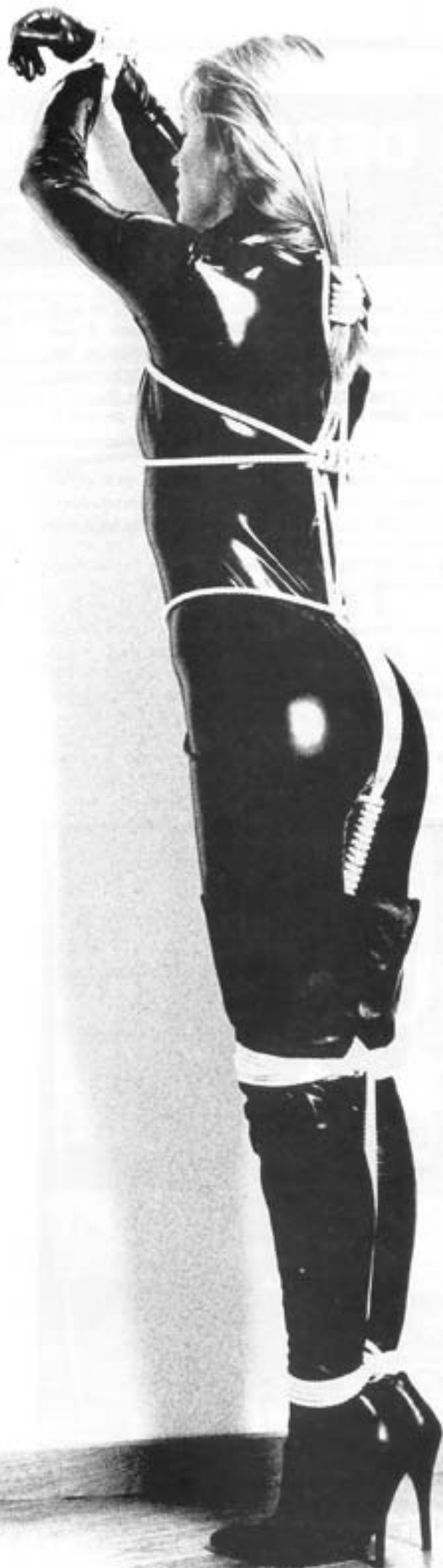
FANTASTIC SECRET NIGHT - PHOTO: GUY LEMAIRE & GILLES BERQUET -
FEMALE PIERCING - STANTON, CREPAX, ENEG, ANTHRO & RUDOLF VON
KELLER - FETISH FASHION - HAMBURG - MISTRESS ROXANNE - S&M - NEWS



WE ARE NO LONGER ALONE.

We no longer feel alone. These words, uttered by readers and friends, are ringing in my ears like a leitmotiv as I start this editorial. Ten years ago, it was only possible to contact kindred souls into fetishism or domination through personal ads in pocket-size publications sold in sex shops (as a rule more sex than shop), with the certainty of a discouraging percentage of rejections. You had to be highly motivated to complete this slightly "lucky" assault course. Today we meet at parties, read magazines printed on glossy paper, make friends easily, soon have a few bits and pieces at home, and if we pull the curtains, it is more for the sake of intimacy than to hide ourselves. The liberated fetishists of the 90s are at ease with themselves. And when I ask them how come, they almost invariably reply: We are no longer alone. We no longer feel alone. Because by reading Secret Magazine we realize that lots of other people are like us. Because by going to the parties, we discover that other people have been living out our secret fantasies for a long time. Because there are fetishisms more way out than ours. Because at last we have found a scene where it is enough to hold out our hands to make contact and be considered as normal, even interesting, beings. Because we have learned to give ourselves up to our passions without fear of reprimand. We have stopped being lonely islands surrounded by a hostile society. Better: it's at the planetary level that everything is moving. Each country, each region is developing its scene parallel to that of its neighbours, and so a multitude of SM or fetishist dialects is being born which - taken together - are pushing back the very idea of abnormality. At all levels in our world, there's no greater happiness than the exchange and the discovery which result from opening ourselves up to those who share our passions. You will again find this intellectual aspect in the pages of this new Secret Magazine, at least we hope so. Unfortunately, not everyone shares this enthusiasm and some people turn their noses up and won't give every fetishist a place at their sides. What else can we do but regret it? As the saying goes: the dogs bark and the caravan moves on... All the pages that follow are our caravan to you. It's up to you to judge. For a magazine like ours, it's the reader who counts. I'll see you again in the next edition.

Vincent Mikrou



DECLARATION OF LOVE: I AM EVERYTHING

Your numerous testimonies gave us the idea of selecting for each issue one letter that is particularly intense in respect of your feelings, your desires, your fantasies and your motivations. Not "stories", no, but what you have really felt in your hearts and minds. This "space" is yours, make good use of it. This month, one of the most moving letters on masochism that we have been privileged to read.

Secret Magazine, what a great idea to suggest to your women readers a "page" in a special issue where they can express themselves. What a nice way to discover them and what a nice way too for them to rediscover themselves. The pen often races faster on the paper than the thoughts, how surprised they will be also be those words, those phrases on the sheet blackened with ink.

I haven't known for long... I want to say, I've always known subconsciously but I had turned away, transformed, "found ways", masks and then one day, I met a man who allowed me to discover my true nature and now: I AM. At first, I was afraid and it was hard to accept my masochism but I very soon understood that there was no physical, physiological or mental danger and that morals had nothing to do with it. My companion allows me to evolve at my own speed of understanding and acceptance. It's obvious that everything in me since childhood: my tastes, my games, my acquaint-

ances, my job - everything, absolutely everything was tending towards living it out. It was like having a ball of wool and hoping to find one of the two ends so as to be able to start knitting myself a sweater but without getting anywhere. And during this time one does not remain naked, obviously one dresses in off-the-peg clothes, not necessarily what was suitable but certainly what was most fashionable, one chose "haphazardly": hello to the look! Now I have my needles in my hands and one of the ends of my ball of wool, I improve my look every day.

Living out my masochism in "role games", submission gives me the chance to BE the most secret and intimate part of my being. Paradoxically, it allows me to assert myself, to be a fighter in my social life. I don't want to talk about the origins of my masochism nor about how I practise it with my companion but about what I get out of it, that's why I need it like one needs water and sun to grow and blossom. The masochism I live is the quest for the absolute, each his own. Luc Besson in his film "Le Grand Bleu" also speaks to us of the absolute. What I am seeking is the trigger, the moment when I take off, when I am no longer nothing, no longer body, no longer identity, no longer intelligence, thinking, nothing but feelings, when I merge with the subconscious, with matter: then I AM EVERYTHING.

That's why I am a masochist, for the ecstasy. I know that there are other ways, with or without drugs. Me, I prefer masochism because one is two, because a human being is in charge, because we play at life and death, because it involves sex, because for several hours I grant myself the right to give myself totally to the other person, as one gives oneself to God. Masochism is close to mysticism: an SM session is a Mass, a blessed moment when two beings - the one by giving herself and going back into her subconscious, the other by working on and watching over her - attain sublime heights.

SM lived as a couple (I want to say: practised very often or only with the same person) lets you reach dizzying heights, because knowing the other person makes "haute couture" games possible. Masochism lights my fire, regenerates me, gives me the strength to be.

Here is my testimony, it's also a declaration of love... because without him, without MY MASTER, what would I be?

DESIRÉE, France



© Jürgen Boedeltje



ALEX VARENNE

After twenty years of loyal service, the Parisian grammar-school teacher, whose hobbies are advertising and painting, is starting up in comics. He is being launched by Charlie Mensuel and Hara Kiri. Like John Willie and Eric Stanton before him, he prepares his drawings with his own photo reports. But if his creativity is feverish, it goes hand in hand with great lucidity in respect of human relationships. He explores his own fantasies so as to better recognize ours. An exclusive interview with *Secret Magazine* had become unavoidable.

Interview conducted by J. B. and transcribed by Vincent Mikrou

SM is great when it's a game.



SM: Alex Varenne, how long does it take you to make an album?
AV: That depends on the album and the locations to be shot. For the album on Berlin, I went there twice. With my script and my sequences in my head, I go looking for the set, sometimes with a model whom I might use on location. I then take hundreds of photos, then I select...

SM: Is it easy to find models for this type of work?

AV: I rarely work with professionals. In general with (girl-) friends. The model brings the character to life, mainly through her attitudes. I prefer a privileged relationship with a girl to interminable photo sessions. I leave on a trip with her and the photos are not really planned. Except when need a model in a certain location, I put her on the set. I also shoot her in all her movements, in all situations. The models bring something to the scenario, and even to the dialogue. I pick up a little of her chat, her manner of being, her gestures, all that. It's this that brings the character to life. It's not a stereotype, it's about one particular woman.

SM: And you always work with the same girl?

AV: Oh no, I need a bit of variety.

SM: Have you always been into eroticism?

AV: No, actually I got started in eroticism quite late. At first I did adventure fiction, sometimes crime... My first erotic album, that was in 1983. And then even in my erotic albums there is quite a development, closely following the historical evolution of eroticism. At the moment, for example, love has become much more intellectual, and this is reflected in my comics: they are more theatrical, there are more games. Before, it was the reign of dull swinging... It's much more exciting now! There's more imagination, more creation.

SM: Isn't it limited to a certain elite, to a more imaginative public?

AV: But it's always an elite that makes morals change. It's not the eroticism of the council estates that makes its mark on the eroticism of an epoch, what!

SM: Where do you get your inspiration for your subjects and your scripts?

AV: Oh everywhere, including in my private life, in that of my friends, I look around a lot.



Each woman has her own distinctive character and her good points... Each woman has an erotic potential, you have to bring it out in her.

SM: Do you work with people from the SM scene?

AV: I don't work with them, but I know them, I can talk about them and I can present them. That is not to say that I restrict myself to this sort of eroticism or that I give SM parties. Even though I have been to an SM party, but more as a witness or an observer because everything that is out of the ordinary interests me. Everybody lives their eroticism as they think fit. There are some people who live in an imaginative way, spectacular even. And I put it into pictures. This can lead to relatively surprising characters. It's a study of morals, a artist must be a witness. I have my own experiences, I have my life, but I also look at the experience of others.



SM: The women, very present in your books, are they more often dominant, and why?

AV: In every couple there is a dominant/dominated relationship. In the book you're thinking of ("L'Amour Fou"), it's the woman who is dominant. Because he's in love with his wife and when one is in love one is in a state of weakness. Accordingly, there is a complicity in couples that work well. The woman is dominant but really he likes it. So this couple gets on well together, there's an intelligent complicity: being able to give pleasure to themselves by acting out their sexuality. But that comes more from the woman, who needs it. He, ultimately, is obliged to submit because he wants to keep his wife. This is a woman who needs to live out her fantasies, but it can be the other way round. It can be the man, wanting to live out his fantasies, who drags his companion into all his fantasies. Throughout my books, my characters are very different: there are dominant women, submissive women, like in real life. I don't think it's all that clear-cut, it's a bit like Master/slave relationships: it's not always the slave who



is the slave. It's much more complex than we think. Basically it's because one is dominant in dress, in appearance that one dominates the other. See Losey's very beautiful film, "The Servant".

SM: Has there been an evolution in the maturity and in the commercial aspect with your books "Idamode" and "Le Déclenchement", which have sold better than the previous ones?

AV: That wasn't a commercial reason. When I did "Idamode", it really was a ball. I had a lot of fun drawing, presenting and making a woman talk. I've always loved women, I've always liked drawing them.

But it's always an elite that makes morals change.

SM: Just the same, one is drawn more to the comics that depict a woman rather than a man.

AV: Yes, it's the characteristics of the picture a bit. In the pub, too... it sells, it's more attractive.

SM: Who's your favourite comic illustrator?

AV: I like several comic artists but my training was closer to painting than to comics. My masters are above all painters, like for example Degas or Caravage... But I quite like comic illustrators who don't necessarily work in my style. I appreciate Loustal, Liberatore, Bilal, Tardi. I quite like the comics of authors where an obsessional world appears. I have a horror of the studios comic... I favour the aesthetic side. If I don't like a drawing, I can't read the story. You have to avoid doing successive pictures. You need a phrasing, a flow of images which must be linked together. I avoid doing a patchwork of beautiful vignettes. There must be something to read.

SM: Do you write your scripts yourself?

AV: The erotic scripts, yes always. It's a very personal domain and I think one needs to bring one's own eroticism into it for it to seem

You have to put your own fantasies into it. Unless an erotic comic is made in a state of arousal it's no good.

authentic. You have to put your own fantasies into it. Unless an erotic comic is made in a state of arousal it's no good. If an a woman or an erotic scene doesn't excite me, she or it won't excite the others. It's very personal, an erotic comic.

SM: Do you think you influence people's fantasies?

AV: It's possible. I've noticed that my public mostly consists of couples. Whether it's because they buy my books to read together in the evening, to give themselves ideas, I don't know. I see them at the autograph sessions, I nearly always sign a dedication for two people... Perhaps they like seeing their secret fantasies produced, perhaps it's a way of making themselves feel less guilty... to see how the fantasies that they consider a bit shameful pass into the field of public domain. If my work has at least this virtue, that's fine.



SM: But it's dangerous, too, because you can push people to the limits of the absolute, like certain photographers or writers.

AV: Well, all my erotic production is much less violent than my crime series where people get killed on every page! It really is a topsy-turvy world. If you show people who are pleasuring themselves, who are in love, it's censored. If you show people gunning each other down, that's passed.

SM: Have you got any problems with the law?

AV: No. For example, my bondage scenes are tied into a script, in a sequence, but they're always a game. In fact there is no violence because it's acted! It's theatrical or it's fantasized. There's a way of presenting the thing. Moreover, I am considered to be an author of comics with artistic qualities, and you can get away with a lot in art. That's always saved me, because you can consider my books as art. When you've got that sort of cover you can get away with practically



anything. Though I was the victim of censorship in "Echo des Savanes" which didn't pass two plates of the third Erma Jaguar ("Les Caprices d'Erma") because of a rape scene. It's the fantasy of a woman looking back at her childhood. It fits very well in the book, but they didn't want to take any chances. The album will be complete.

SM: What's your favourite fantasy?

AV: To tell you the truth, I haven't got any definite fantasies. It depends on the woman I'm with. It's odd, one type of woman is going to trigger certain fantasies in me. Afterwards I put her in my stories. I make myself up a story with her, which I can exaggerate in the comic. It's important to be fantastical: in the comic you can do what you can't do in real life. I like desolate places, old factory's, abandoned houses, etc. That's my main trick.

It's odd, one type of woman is going to trigger certain fantasies in me. Afterwards I put her in my stories.

SM: You talk about photos you shoot with models, and this model is almost always your girlfriend of the moment. Now, there's a different woman in each album; does that mean that you change women...

AV: Ah... yes, yes (laughs).

SM: Why the changes?

AV: Well, to enrich my knowledge of life. I don't know which idiot it was who said that if you know one woman you know them all... I don't agree at all. Each woman has her own distinctive character and her good points... Each woman has an erotic potential, you have to bring it out in her.

SM: What's your next project?

AV: I've just finished a comic, not at all erotic, for Casterman, and then a new comic that will tell the story of two months of madness and running out of fantasies, an incredible complicity on top of which will come feelings of love, unfortunately. In a libertine game, feelings of love shouldn't intrude otherwise it puts a strain on the relationship. You can play at sadomasochism as long as the people aren't really in love. As soon as they are, you can't play any more because it's part of the relationship, and from then on that leads to a drama. In which case, everything you do becomes significant and can make or break the relationship.

SM: Have you ever fallen in love with any of the women you've fantasized about?

AV: No, never, libertine love as I envisage it doesn't allow that. I like what you could call erotic friendship... SM is great when it's a game. In particular you don't need a very strong relationship between the two. At a pinch they don't even need to know each other. A friendly relationship, and especially a loving one, ruins the game. In the sexual game, you have to be very artistic... There's theatre, there's creativity. It's about using the other one, and both get what they need out of it. In a loving relationship, I think that you go through a very physical period, when you try to go the whole hog in erotic situations, but afterwards there is often a phase where that stops, or even where one of the two falls in love. The relationship becomes stronger and there's a low in looking for erotic relationships, and you're looking for something else, perhaps to stabilize the relationship. There's no such thing as a lasting relationship based on sex, unless you only see each other as lover and mistress every two weeks...

SM: Thank you very much.

AV: But you're welcome anytime!

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FEMALE PIERCING

Male or female, this enticing question seems to interest a good number of you to judge by your many letters on the subject. We will be devoting a special issue to it, number 10, (French edition) which is already in hand. By way of introduction to the subject, here is some information compiled from a well-informed source: Body Art Collection. Based in England and noted specialists in this distinctive art, it seems that they have restarted a very ancient tradition.

No, it is not a new fashion, as some people might think. The term "piercing" comes from the English "to pierce" but the custom of inserting rings placed in various parts of the body has been widely practised since the dawn of time and on all continents: in some African tribes it is a body mark testifying a rite of passage, but these jewels can also denote social status or membership in a caste: the Pharaohs wore a ring in their navel as a sign of their divine nature. Everybody knows the rings which the buccaneers wore in their ears but what is less well known is that it was for balance! In another era, the Queen's guards wore what is known as a Prince Albert: a small ring piercing the base of the glans, which served to keep the cock upright, a matter of centring the bulge in the trousers when at "attention!" In another field, the piercing of certain soft bones can be of therapeutic value as it seems to be beneficial for curing certain ailments. The insertion of needles, as is done in acupuncture, is intended to stimulate the body's energy points. This practice has been developed over centuries by Chinese medicine.

But let's get back to the subject: in the 21st century piercing is taking on a rather more erotic connotation, referring more particularly to the piercing of the breasts and the genitals, both male and female. The reason most often given for piercing the genitals of the female is to enhance her pleasure and the appearance of her body, though it can also be aimed at female chastity! The drawings illustrating this article should help to clarify things for you. In some tribes, the rings fixed in the labia can be linked to form "chastity rings". Nowadays, some "slaves" wear a small padlock which closes these rings to show that they "belong" to their Master/Mistress. Sexual stimulation thus seems to be a more common reason for piercing than simple aesthetics, each movement or rubbing permanently stimulating the woman's sensuality. The reason for this is, however, very personal and, as far as we know, no gynaecologist is currently recommending piercing for frigid women! But before our next issue, let's look at the most common female piercings.

THE INNER LABIA

The inner labia are the easiest and often the first to be pierced because the skin is very thin here and heals very quickly: 1 to 3 weeks; sometimes less, depending on the patient and the method used. The piercing is generally done more than 5mm from the edge so as to have a snug fit and avoid all risk of ripping. The jewels are generally small gold or surgical steel rings free of impurities which could cause an infection. As the skin is very flexible here it is not much of a problem to enlarge the holes for the rings.

THE OUTER LABIA

Like the inner labia, the outer labia can be pierced almost anywhere, although some women seem to have problems sitting or riding a bicycle if the rings are inserted too low. Healing can take a bit longer, 6 to 8 weeks, and the jewels used are more often straight barbell studs as they are more comfortable.

THE CLITORIS HOOD

Also known as the "foreskin" of the clitoris, it is the skin which covers the clitoris. The hood can be pierced horizontally or vertically and a ring or straight barbell studs worn. Like the inner labia, this skin is very thin and easy to pierce. Healing takes 1 to 3 weeks.

THE CLITORIS

A much rarer case! But it would seem that this practice is gaining more and more supporters as many women swear that it brings them extraordinary sensations! A fairly controversial subject as some piercing specialists refuse to do this operation, just as they also refuse to pierce the glans for men! It should be understood that, given the richness of their nerve endings and their muscular complexity, every precaution must be taken when dealing with these two organs, which are so important for all of us. Be that as it may, we would like to hear from women who know what they're talking about, including lady doctors!

A BRIEF CONCLUSION

A piercing, if done well, can give a lot of pleasure both sensually and optically but unfortunately it can cause tremendous problems if it is done badly! We can only recommend that you take the greatest care in this field especially if you only heal slowly! It's obviously not a decision to be taken lightly or on a sudden impulse. The operation is in principle irreversible, although less of a "burden" than a bad tattoo. It goes without saying that all piercings ought to be done by medically trained professionals, using sterile instruments of course. Take care of your body! The jewels inserted the first time should be made of precious metals so as to avoid complications during healing.



Body Art, the magazine for connoisseurs of piercing and tattooing. For more information: Body Art, Blake House Studios, Blake End, Rayne, Braintree, Essex, CM7 8SH, England.

FANTASTIC SECRET NIGHT

Secret Magazine's cock-a-doodle-do!

How can I remain credible if I praise an event organized by my own magazine to the skies? A dilemma. Even if it means appearing presumptuous, I have to tell it like it is. Secret Magazine's third party, which was held on 23 May in the Charleroi area, was fantastic. Our first party was held in a famous Ghent restaurant, the Meridies, in June of last year. The second one, last November, brightened up a Brussels hall, the Villeneuve. But it was almost at the end of the world, in a village surrounded by woods, that more than four hundred fetishists from every part of Europe met for our third party. The initial impressions were undoubtedly those left by the spectacles which followed each other at breakneck speed. The pages of a magnificent, imaginary magazine whose every fetishist and SM photo had been set in motion to invade our reality suddenly appeared on the scene with its central avenue. Numerous models,



several of whom were making their d_buts that evening, were so beautiful (and/or handsome) that it was almost inhuman. The productions, by their professionalism, exceeded by far anything I have ever seen at other parties. An intelligent approach had been chosen for the parades of fetishist fashions (the new collection from the Minuit boutique): they were practically incorporated in a theatrical production, sometimes surrealist, which made an element of attractive show even for those for whom fetishist fashion is not the first priority. For them, too, scenes of domination (the Beastly Girls - what class), the Sex Machines - by XANAX - of Belgian make that we had already recommended at Europeve, impeccable choreography... The spectacles elicited numerous compliments from our visitors from Britain, France, Germany, Holland and various other countries who are well used to grandiose productions. The public showed its appreciation by applauding each spectacle, a rare occurrence at such parties. Even the police and the local gendarmerie, there to keep an eye on things, followed all this closely. We had already got the premises up to scratch. This time the organizers had opted for a setting at once rustic and machiavellian. This old abbey in the middle of nowhere, through whose ancient portico one had to drive before parking in the courtyard, was itself conducive to a pleasant atmosphere. Dating from around the twelfth century, enlarged in the eighteenth century and partly reduced to ruins in a recent fire, the setting of this abbey alone put the horde dressed in latex, shiny, leather and all the fashions dictated by feverish imaginations (dress code was obligatory) at ease. An unbelievable phenomenon: a crowd had already gathered at the door half an hour before the doors opened. The roominess of the dance hall and theatre, overlooked by the ex-cinema gallery, the small bar permanently thronged, the candle-lit rest room on the second floor, the large cloak-room and the changing-room, created an impression of liberty which we had already made the most of at Europeve. In one corner you could have yourself tattooed, in another discover body painting, somewhere there was an exhibition of photos by Jacques



Leurquin... it's all too much to tell in just one report. The forces of law and order as well as the public (the order of forces) kept to their appointed places in great courtesy and the incidents that occurred were rather amusing. A Dutch friend, a regular guest at parties



where there is nowhere to get changed, was slipping into his latex outfit at a car park in the village when the police arrived and asked him to do so inside the abbey, please. In the abbey itself, a lady (also a foreigner) bumps into a group of policemen and - taking them for uniform fetishists - asks them where they dug up their incredible uniforms. Talking of foreigners, I have the firm impression that with this Secret Night Belgium has earned its place on the European map of fetishism for good. Not content with having been present at the Amsterdam Europerve a fortnight before, there were many who made the trip again to come to us. We noted the presence of Tim Woodward (Skin Two), Mistress Francoise (3615 Fetish), Bert Wilbo (Massad), Club Doma, Peter Czernich ("O"), the team from Schlagzeilen, David Jackson, (Domination Directory - USA), the people from the Submission club and the Libido shop (London), Yumi and Jean-Marie from A.Z.Z.L.O. (Japan), Steve English (De-Mask), Karin Wit (Funny Skin), Idol Tattoo of Rotterdam, the photographers Wolfgang Eichler, Giles Berquet, Guy Lemaire and Jacques Leurquin, and numerous other personalities whom we have forgotten (what is our punishment?). As for dancing, equally great satisfaction. An intelligent musical programme not scorning any particular style but remaining hip enough to satisfy the fetishist cohorts. The dancing went on all night. If the approach roads were well signposted (a model of its kind), the departure saw cars going astray in all directions. We bet this was brought on by the images and experiences which the participants won't forget in a hurry. Ambitious as it was, this secret night was a huge gamble - and it paid off handsomely.

Vincent Mikrou



GUY LEMAIRE: CORPS A CORDES



© Guy Lemaire

The publishers ASTARTE recently brought out an exceptional work devoted to the excellent photographer GUY LEMAIRE, who had an exhibition of his work in "Larmes d'Eros" in Paris. The exhibition, which was a great success with the Parisian public, was also the occasion for a limited edition of the book, with a preface by Joseph Orban, who wrote in his introduction: "Lemaire soon brings one back to the perennial, tiresome and the incredibly stupid question of the fine line between pornography and eroticism. Yet again, the good and the bad! The obscene Devil struck down by the diaphanous Saint... For me, this dividing line is located in the domain of social convention where one takes the credit for a certain attitude so as to be able to work under cover. Looked at like that, eroticism is the pornography of the intellectual. For my part, I cannot see any any aggression, any violent violence in the work of GUY LEMAIRE. I see in it a theatricalization of the body, of the flesh. Like a parable on the deep anguish of feelings." You will discover, in the course of the pages, bodies masked, bound, hung up, exposed to our curious gaze. Legitimate pride on the part of our editors on seeing the success of our friend GUY LEMAIRE, whom this magazine was one of the first to publish! By the way, GUY still has and will always have a place in the bosom of our group of "staff" photographers. You will find this work in good bookshops or in Larmes d'Eros, 58 Rue Amelot, 75011 Paris (price: FF 200) or in Minuit, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles. (1200FB)

GUY LEMAIRE: CORPS A CORDES



© Guy Lemaire

THE CREATURE

She is there, the creature. Though she had sworn that it was not her nature at all, and now look at her stretched out on a sling, ankles resting, and wrists fastened. She is the slightly spread woman. She is, she has, so desired; at the edge of the leather sling, arse forward, The Maso bitch, is in the gynaeco position. Her buttocks well spread, her eyes shining. She watches. She waits, facing her harnessed Mistress. She is going to get herself arse-fucked. She contemplates her hairless legs the black vinyl frock lifted. She has so often imagined it, disturbing ambiguity. Tomorrow the frock will be black-hued, matt black, ringed with a white collar with an undisputed presence. He will defend the slag on his pew. He will emerge glorious, then he will go with his Master friends, he will laugh, and will talk of his Don Juan life. He will claim to be torturer and lover, All at the same time. But, despite himself, the devastating force will make him come back to the dominatrix.

THIGH BOOTS, BREATHTAKING STAR

Our little universe, at once idolatrous and fabulous, would be reduced to nothing if we, the FETSHISTS, were to content ourselves with the only definition - barring from office all possibility of imagination - which our traditional dictionaries confer on the greatest, on the highest, on the most beautiful queen of all ALL the queens in the fascinating, magical kingdom of the footwear:
I am talking about THE THIGH BOOT.

Lexicography undermines the slightest attempt at illusion by talking to us of "boots encasing the thighs up to the groin" (ugh!...) whilst the Don Quixote of my fantasies pulverizes this first version by proposing the following mouth-watering description: "High women's boot, equally seemly for men, in glossy or matt leather, stiletto heels a must, and intended to embrace her foot or to let it be embraced!" (OXFORD ENGLISH FETSHIST, 1992)

Such is the attraction that, without more ado, our choice will logically fall on the version favouring the true facts of the correct, and thus rehabilitated, definition of these exciting adornments. Thigh boots of my dreams, your etymological honour finally restored and now safe, I - like a grand priest of the cult - can embark on singing your deserved praise... Fantastical boots with the distinctive look, whose letters patent of nobility go back to the origins of Chivalry, brought back to the forefront of fashion in the 60s by the greatest designers, and in particular by the coming of the miniskirt, which made you even more exciting; essentially out of your splendid arrogance you only dress the most "must" legs, whose synonyms are: famous, beautiful, slim, aesthetic, noble...

Those of the stars of showbiz, of prestigious international models, of secret call-girls, of sensual and mysterious street-walkers, without ever forgetting those of our marvellous companions. A symbol of sexy elegance and of the lure of exquisite, even lascivious, pleasures, the THIGH BOOT, this breathtaking STAR, simultaneously forces its brilliant majesty and its diabolical provocation on our stare, from the top of its shaft to the sting in its heel.

"What detours would I not make to feast my eyes on them? How many Amazons would I persuade to put them on excitedly? What long, unforgettable moments would I spend praising them, stroking them, burnishing them with my scorching saliva? How many sleepless nights would I endure if the temptation to touch them, to put them on, haunts me?

Black, brilliant thigh boots, may you disturb my existence for ever!

Jack Blackskai



FREE EXPRESSION

You know the principle: this is the privileged place where we publish the contribution of a reader who has succeeded in letting us share something great in an exceptional style. After kicking-off with our dear masochists Desirée and Beatrice, we have now chosen this suprising letter from Pierre of Dunkirk. The questionnaire he refers to was offered exclusively to our subscribers so as to facilitate their contacts by personal ad.

Sir or Madame, I have just finished reading the SM questionnaire. It doesn't really relate to me, apart from the attraction for the problem of suffering. I'll explain! As an individual (limited and weak in essence as a human being of - it's true - a scientific bent and searching for wisdom and serenity...) trying to be "logical" - faced with the reality of this horrible world (see the daily presentations in the media) - faced with the catastrophes, the crime, the accidents or incidents whose victims are people all around us (see the local newspapers, the various occurrences, hear the testimony of people round about) - I ask myself each time: why not me? (wnm?)

And from this (apparent) privilege continuing up to now, I deduce a sort of evil consciousness or, rather, flagrant injustice. (Though I have already been effected by a serious event: knocked off my bike, regional hospital in Lille, in a coma for a week, off work (July-April), but I didn't even suffer: confused lack of awareness then awareness pumped full of analgesics... And I have recovered from it very well, have matured considerably, consider this sequence as one of the most positive in my life...) In short, in the face of such horrible and monstrous situations, I would like (in my fantasy) to take the place of those hard hit by fate, to save them symbolically, to put an end to the unbearable...

In my first published letter I had explained to you about having tried to wear a chastity belt as a challenge, symbolically once again (and in order to imitate certain Japanese wives...). But it was a flop: the restrictions at the practical level, for urinating, were too great... Am I a maso? To be on the safe side I will answer: probably to some extent at the level of fantasies, a bit - perhaps - like the women who fantasize about rape... In any event, they have my complete (symbolic) sympathy. I see them as victims (at the start) who have succeeded in going beyond this state by certain means... But I don't know anyone like that among my acquaintances... So perhaps all these wild imaginings remain in the nature of fantasies?

To conclude, and in a more general context, it seems to me that we are definitely heading - on rails and ever faster - towards a wall with the slogan "always+". It will be necessary to burst through it in order to emerge into the Age of Aquarius, into the human "Renaissance". The birth won't be painless.

Finally, like F. Gregu (and like H. Laborit, too), I take the view: "There are no bad people, there are only sufferers". Like Henri Laborit, whom I find very lucid, I do not accept the notion of real liberty although there is often a tendency to think the opposite... (Everything should begin to collapse perceptibly in the coming 2 or 3 years...)

Best wishes

Pierre



© Reportage par Jacques Leurquin



© Jacques Leurquin



© Jacques Leurquin



GIGANTIC! EUROPERVE II

Unbelievable, this second party organized by DeMask in Amsterdam! More space, more people, greater international presence, more activities than last November. Amsterdam is in the process of becoming the Cannes of European fetishism and if we wrote last time that you have to be present to SEE, now you also have to be there to BE SEEN. There were plenty of representatives from magazines, Skin Two in the lead (Tim Woodward, Tony Mitchell, Kevin Davies), "O" magazines (Peter Czernich) and us of course, to wear their identification badges. My comparison with Cannes is actually rather far-fetched for at Europerve (that was the official name of the party) the event and the public are one and the same thing. The sexiest outfits rubbing shoulders with the most fetishist ones, the most incredible ones alongside the most straightforward ones. One of the most impressive characters, a total enclosure freak, was squeezed into a latex outfit that left no skin exposed and he had slipped on a full gas-mask, bottles on his back, from which he drew the oxygen he breathed all evening. A survivor from Mad Max 2 marched straight ahead without paying any attention to the lady in violets who was whipping herself at the same time beating a crouching slave. Describing the whole crowd would take pages. Yes, crowd really is the right word. Some thousand fetishists from every country had invaded the zoo, enlarged for the occasion. Imagine a grandiose party-room transformed into a dance-floor, with a catwalk for parades to the left of a colossal entrance hall decorated with gigantic pillars. On the right, a very large bar, where talking was easier. These rooms we know already. What was really fun was the glass wall, a huge cafeteria opening onto the zoo itself. Apart from the tables where you could sit to wet your whistle, the place was equipped with chains, crosses, cages, gynaecological chairs and all sorts of other gear for games which ended as fast as they started. We could hardly make out the birds and monkeys around us but no doubt they found us even more bizarre, behind our glass wall lighting up Amsterdam's "Artis Zoo". This enormous cafeteria with its many green plants was the place where the majority of the fetishists hung out, leaving it each time there was a special event over on the dance-floor. The provocative fetishist fashion shows (especially latex) were interrupted by a techno dance around the Sex Machines, the totems of modern sex which are actually robots in the shape of (very) realistic women's legs. A pity that they were only used for decoration rather than for demonstration purposes. The photos

illustrating this text were taken during various shows, it being assured that those present were not troubled by the very discreet photographers. A bit less so in the case of "O" magazine, one of whose cameramen was constantly to be found in the middle of the crowd. There were so many people there that for the first time not all the Belgians managed to meet up and didn't hear until much later that this or that person had also turned up. The technical side of things in the party-hall was less impressive than in the past in view of the fact that the sound system was well below the acceptable standard for such an event. This was just about the only blight on the programme, so we are not worried about Steve English and his acolytes: Europerve is on the way to becoming very, very big. No more no less than a major point of reference in things fetishist. The very brave and the wide-awake went to bed at sun-rise, after having attended the traditional private party in another part of town. Gogo dancing, plenty of discussions among the like-minded and considerably fewer SM actions than in November, another indication that above all Europerve wants to be fetishist.

Vincent Mikrou

P.S. It was here that Tim Woodward saw the "Sexmachines" for the first time which inspired him to use it for the new SKIN TWO.





GILES BERQUET
Lines of life



I have no recollection of my mother, whom I despise almost as much as my father, other than the stiletto heels which were fashionable in the 60s. I was knee-high to a grasshopper (including the feelers) at the time and my view of the world was at mini-skirt height. Subsequently, in the 70s, I cursed the fashion for platform soles and Indian leather sandals and in fact I had what is known as a "difficult", and boring, adolescence which I had to fill with shameful but, to say the very least, fantastic fantasies. I preferred reading Georges Bataille and the Divine Marquis to Jules Verne and Saint Exupéry. After studying brilliantly, but scarcely beyond the freshman stage, I lost for good the little respect my father had for me by swapping Higher Electronics for Fine Arts. Today, I swear, I sometimes regret not having completed these technical studies which might, perhaps, have allowed me to understand something about "modern" cameras! In short, the Fine Arts were more fascinating, from the point of view of relationships, and if I learned literally nothing about Art there, I at least met Amor (with a



small A but lots of Sh.) As far as photos are concerned, they are for me just a medium for conveying images, in the same way as painting, in which I indulged (and still do) long before taking up visual reproduction techniques. Put simply, it seemed to me, at a particular moment in my artistic production, that photographic treatment was better suited for transmitting my fantasies, this undeniable proof of existence: that which is given to see has really existed, not just in the imagination, but in a tangible and irrefutable reality, too. At the precise moment of releasing the shutter, it is the glass eye which sees! There are few artistic media which authorize such flashes: neither painting, nor writing, nor music, which are all three purely imaginary. Only the cinema, and its derivative, the video, are capable of this same fidelity performance. Each time I produce a print, it is the same magic which takes place in front of me, it is a bit of the truth which is revealed in the developer, and which I fix for ever. I adore that!.

Paris, 23 April 1992 Gilles Berquet











© Gilles Berquet









COMICS SPECIAL

Even though we deal with other subjects at some length in this SECRET, we have dedicated it to comics, more particularly to presenting some illustrators. It is in part thanks to them - the artists, the painters - that certain morals can evolve. There was an explosion of comics for adults and in particular of erotic comics in the 60s. Some masters of the pencil are still among us and the influence that they have had on our photos and on our thinking is enormous because, through their comics, they led us into an unreal, fictive and imaginary world. Art allowed them to put their fantasies on paper and to distribute them widely. We have put together a small subjective sample of the masters to make you more familiar with them and we are also presenting some very interesting unknowns. If you have any comments about this dossier or any suggestions to make, do not hesitate to contact us!



STANTON Master of Discipline

Of Russian origin, Eric Stanton was born in 1926 in New York, where he still lives. He started drawing girls in distress in 1947 for the editor Irving Klaw, founder and director of Nutrix Corporation. By the end of the 50s he had illustrated some thirty stories, about a third of them comics. The fleshy coldness of his characters, the richness of his models and his attention to titillating detail made Stanton more

famous than his predecessors and even than his nonetheless talented colleagues (Gene Bilbrew, Ruiz...). Stanton was the only artist at Nutrix to regularly draw illustrations for texts. The similarity between his polished illustrations - static, without any rigorous connection between them - and photography is no coincidence: as well as having access to Irving Klaw's important photographic archives, Stanton attended sittings which were organized every three weeks by Paula, Irving's sister, and he was thus able to assess live the effect of certain positions which he subsequently drew had. Stanton is without doubt one of the greatest artists of his kind.





ANTHRO

P. STEED, P.O. BOX 186, GLASGOW G3 6DG, U.K.



ANTHRO ART

Our comics special has undoubtedly reminded the initiated of the great masters and perhaps even made the novices among you aware of them but as well as the great masters there are also artists who are less well-known, perhaps less in the media or younger. ANTHRO is one of the former but we are convinced that his drawings will not leave you cold. Moreover, this artist does not confine himself to drawing - he also writes fetishist short stories and all of his drawings are available as prints on T-shirts. He has

burnished his arms with a pretty catalogue accompanied by a very beautiful fetishist iconography. An original and very reasonable idea seeing that for the more than reasonable price of £9 (BF 540) you can have the drawing of your choice printed on a T-shirt (drawing in A4 format). Better still! You will soon be able to order a special print on rubber: an new process which could revolutionize latex fashions! No need to remind you to mention Secret Magazine and to enclose £5 (BF 300) in order to obtain this very beautiful catalogue! ANTHRO, P. O. Box 186, Glasgow G3 6DG, SCOTLAND



ART IN BLACK: GUIDO CREPAX

Born on 15 July 1933 in Milan, Guido Crepas - alias Crepax - is an inspired, revolutionary and incredible artist. He has influenced a good number of contemporary artists. Valentina, Justine, Emmanuelle, Bianca, Anita... five magical first names announce to us Crepax's heroines, girls or women, divine creatures who have not stopped inspiring us. Guido started out in the field of graphics with record sleeves, advertising for Shell and book covers. His many experiences matured him and led up to his action-packed stories,



full of tense poses, sharpened by close-ups with titillating details and by incredibly mind-blowing metamorphoses. Greatly inspired by a great star of the 30s, Louise Brooks, he will create his best-known character: Valentina. For my part, Bianca with her surrealist adventures - a sort of cumulation of the frustrations of adolescence - inspires me the most. Beaten, humiliated, tied up, struck, blindfolded and worn out by strict teachers: she takes our breath away! And let's not forget the ineffable O, Emmanuelle, neither the divine Justine, nor the Divine Marquis. Such are Crepax's hard heroines: outrageous beyond all respect, they are gentle, cruel, defenceless, unreserved, immodest. Masochists and Nymphomaniacs, Sophisticats and Slobs: like we love them. Crepax is an organizer, a collector of eroticism like all the great fetishists, the category he is most closely associated with. Crepax has the fetish

ist's frisky inclination for repetition: there can be no doubt that this artist agrees with the Freudian aim of liberation, realizing his fantasies, he stands naked in front of the viewers-readers. Masochism and sadism, linked in duplicity, are a mystery. We often ask ourselves which side of the fence we ourselves are on. We need time to analyse our most secret desires, to see ourselves as we really are, in our tower, caught up in the story and abandoned there. Whatever it is, we are not guilty. No more than the heroines - romantic and aware of what they are doing. The immense respect I have for Crepax drove me to write these few lines for you. The obsession with daydreams and with imaginary constructs a untiringly researched world. The story has no end: it goes its own way in our minds and settles in our subconscious. A fantasy is born.

The illustrations in this article are from the magnificent biography "CREPAX" edited by Glittering Images. Copyright Guido Crepax 1986 and Edizioni D_essai 1986 - Glittering Images.



GENE BILBREW, ALIAS "ENEG"

Born in Los Angeles in 1923, ENEG was above all a black. We know how rare black artists are in the field of comics. But he was also one of the greatest talents in "bizarre comics". In 1952, he attended the school of professional drawing run by Bum Hogarth. Amongst his



colleagues was Eric Stanton, with whom he immediately made friends. That same year he started to devote himself to erotic comics, being particularly into "bondage". Gene Bilbrew's universe is a fantastic, violent world inhabited almost exclusively by super-

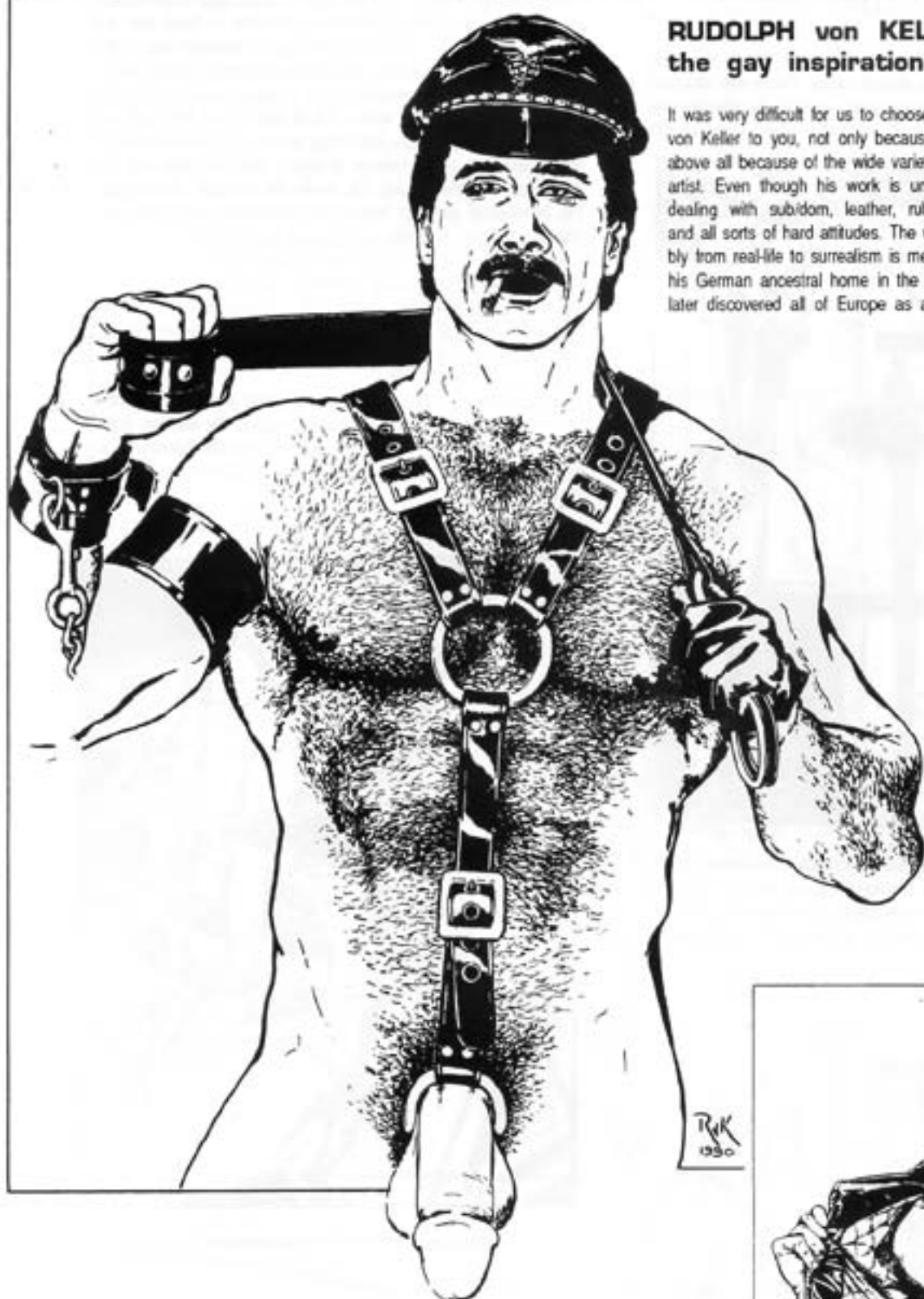
women. Whether they are imposing, muscular and fully dressed, with long legs, or pitiless dominatrices with whip to hand, they are always full of hate for their fellow creatures, of whatever sex. In the more strictly sadomasochistic comics, the torturers cruelly attack their victims, who are resigned to this arrogant humiliation. But the latter are always ready to reverse the situation at the right time, like devote sheep who change into bloody wolves. This cynical taste for the enslavement and humiliation of others, which contrasts with the endurance of suffering and the desire for revenge, characterizes this homosexual game of sadists and masochists, where pain and pleasure are the two sides of the same coin. He died suddenly in 1947, but he left us such comics as: "Captive Queen", "Peril of Skin Diver" (Nutrix '59), "Bondage Society's Gala Slavee Ball" (Nutrix '59), "Ladies in Rubber" (Nutrix '59), "Insubordination College" (Nutrix '54) as well as "High Heels in Heaven", "Madame Adista" (Flagwill Press '55-56) and many others.

The illustrations are taken from the magnificent album: "A Collection of Bondage Comix" edited by Glittering Images, Via Ardengo Soffici 11, Firenze, Italy. The album is on sale at specialist bookshops as well as at the boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles (Price: BF 1.750).



RUDOLPH von KELLER: the gay inspiration

It was very difficult for us to choose illustrations to present Rudolph von Keller to you, not only because of the quality of his work but above all because of the wide variety of subjects touched on by this artist. Even though his work is undoubtedly gay, he is as happy dealing with sub/dom, leather, rubber, piercing, military uniforms and all sorts of hard attitudes. The way in which he slips imperceptibly from real-life to surrealism is meant to please us. Von Keller left his German ancestral home in the 60s to study art in England. He later discovered all of Europe as an independent designer, on the



RUDOLF VON KELLER

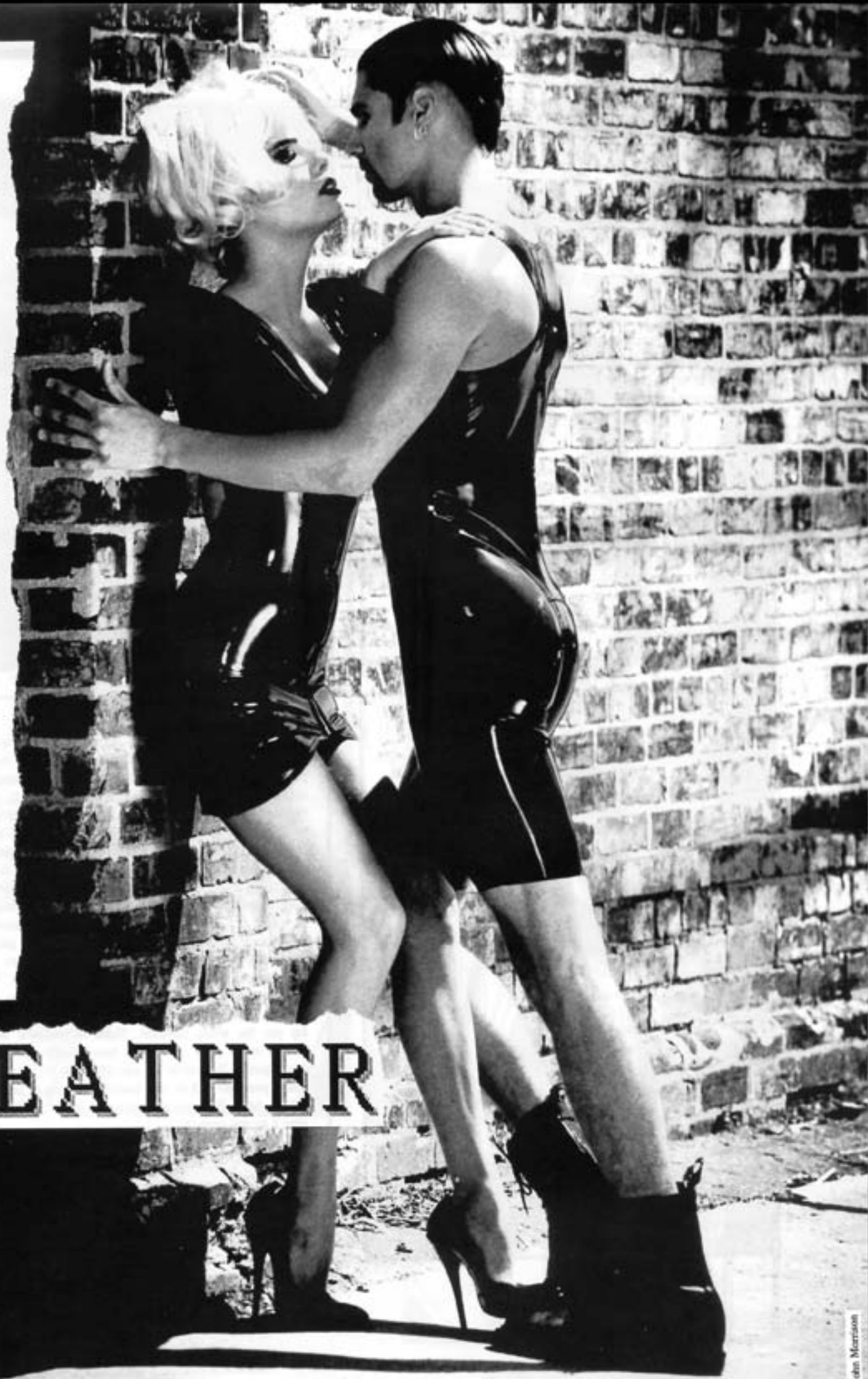
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way developing a "feeling for local traditions" before returning to the family jeweller's shop to exercise his personal style there. His homoerotic work was sold under the counter until the day an exhibition made him known to a broader public. Publications, mostly posters, soon followed. Rudolph von Keller is now expanding his production to post cards, calendars, portfolios, special limited editions etc. He mostly works in Amsterdam, where nobody censors or restricts his creativity. A true European, he seeks his inspiration in London, Amsterdam and on the banks of his native Rhine.



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LEATHER





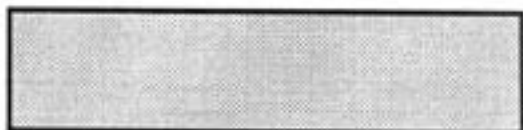
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NORTHBOUND LEATHER

You haven't heard of them yet? Surprising but not impossible because the company is based in Canada, more precisely in Ontario. It has just brought out two superb, indeed magnificent, catalogues which are trying to dethrone Kim West's catalogue. The two catalogues offer you two ranges of articles, leather and latex. The first one shows clothes for going out in such as trousers, blouses, miniskirts, bustiers and almost twenty models for men. The other catalogue offers you the leather range rather than lingerie, comprising suspender belts, bras, briefs, plus their bondage range and some other indispensable accessories (masks, head and body harnesses, plugs, men's and women's shorts, handcuffs, slave collars as well as iron manacles, collars and chastity belts! The quality of the leather is exceptional and once again it is exclusively the Belian Boutique MINUIT which will be offering you the whole collection. Those of you who were present at our party on 23 May have already discovered the collection. The rest of you can still obtain the catalogue during your next visit to your favourite boutique or order it without delay. Price per catalogue: BF 500/FF 100. Don't miss it on any account!



BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Since publication of our number 6 (french edition!), we have been inundated by a flood of new magazines come to join this "new movement" bearing the famous initials SM. Whilst reading it we were in turn pleasantly surprised, shocked or even outraged. Here is our small "press review", which is not limited to specialist publications but deals with everything that we have been able to discover from far and wide having to do with the "fetishist universe".

MAGAZINES

CLUB DEFI No. 7: "general public" magazine primarily dedicated to "bum" - but they do it well. In it you can also find a good report on the "Ball Bizarre" (illustrated with very good photos) and some interesting "news". (160 pages!!!) On sale at Belgian and French newsagents. (BF 292/FF 40). **ESPACE DEFI No. 2:** Same stable, same spelt: it's about bums, genitals, vulgar what! So much the better for those who like it! One good point: their "latex" section isn't bad but it's certainly not reason enough to order it from your bookshop! (On sale everywhere BF 292/FF 40).

MADAME IN A WORLD OF FANTASY: The English always manage to surprise us! The motto is female domination! No question of finding photos or drawings of women in submissive positions here! Drawings, texts, stories and readers letters make up most of the magazine. Black and white throughout, in English, this magazine is on sale at MASSAD, in Dutch sex shops or direct from the publishers: SWISH Publications Ltd, 47 Great Guildford Street, London SE1 0ES, England. (Price £7).

THE CHATT: Volume 1 No. 7. Reaching us direct from Canada, here's a new discovery. The Chatt, named after the editor, Danielle Chatterly: short stories, readers' letters, a very good "paper" on transvestism, personal ads and an article about Victorian corsets from "Bizarre Designs" make up the bulk of the magazine. The Canadians are a bit more subtle than some American magazines and we thought that the layout was meticulous. Bravo! CHATTERLYS, Box 128, Station A, Mississauga, Ontario L5A 2Z7, Canada. Price \$10.

FESSEE-MAGAZINE: No. 19. We have already spoken mentioned this group, whose main interest is CP. With the bare hand, with riding-crop, with a stick or with a bamboo cane, no matter! The aim: to inform you about the books to read, reviews, fiction etc... Unfortunately the very poor quality of the photocopying has resulted in a loss of detail on the photos sent in by readers. If you want to support them you can always write to them, mentioning Secret Magazine: C. L. E. F., B. P. 22, 49530 Lire, France. Don't forget to include an IRC. Thanks.

GUM No. 121: It's been around for more than twenty years and is clearly going strong. Coloured cover, written in German. You'll find fiction, readers' letters and some great photos of people totally enclosed in rubber. (GUM means rubber in German). Very interesting! K. K. Verlag, Postfach 1242, W-7540 Neuenburg, Germany. (price: DM 21).

DRESSING FOR PLEASURE GALA MAGAZINE: Second issue. An "ode" to their once-a-year party. Here you are told how the DFP went, who was there, who was exhibiting, the stars who attended, the winning costumes, the quite exceptional characters, in short the Dressing for Pleasure ball on 46 illustrated pages. We appreciate it, but it really needs a great deal of work on the photos and layout. A bit of research, please! Constance Enterprises, P. O. Box 43079, Upper Montclair, NJ 07043, USA. (price: \$9).

REPARTEE INTERNATIONAL No. 10: Martine Rose is a heterosexual transvestite who has dedicated her life to TVs and everything to do with them. So she edits a quarterly magazine: Repartee Int'l. Full of advice, letters, organizing theme evenings, practical information from the transvestite world, an interview with the astonishing Miss Tuppy Owens, a very good article: "How to change yourself into a woman" etc... In English. ROSE'S, P. O. Box 339, Sheffield S1 3SX, England. Price £6.

DEMONIA No. 15: "Careful, this number is dangerous!" That's the title of the latest offering by our French colleague Demonia. Entirely in full colour, it's dazzling! And it plays the visual expression card for all its worth. The layout is a full-blooded attack on everything that is happening in the erotic and fetishist press at present. This magazine is well on the way to becoming the "Vogue" of the fetishist press. It is still erotic (living up to its name) but the public will be delighted to learn that it is no longer vulgar. What are you waiting for? It's on sale at all Belgian and French newsagents. (Price: BF 256/FF35).

MASSAD No. 133: As usual the contents of this magazine are serious, clear and honest. Stories, readers' letters and personal ads make up the bulk. It's also a mine of fetishist information. If you have a command of Dutch, subscribe to it! Price: Hfl 50 or Hfl 9.95 an issue. Massad, Postbus 3061, 3003 AB Rotterdam, Netherlands.

KERFSTOK: They've had problems and these poor 24 pages are a mere shadow of what this once mythical fetishist and SM magazine was. But let's not be negative, I call on you to give them a helping hand so as to bring back "the good old days". Their agenda is still impressive enough and their organizing of information and group meetings is an example to Europe. (Price: Hfl 4.95) VSSM, Postbus 3570, 1001 AJ Amsterdam, Netherlands.

SCHLAGZEILEN No. 11: Good, excellent, constantly making progress, inspiring, a perfect example, I could use all of these terms to describe this magazine. See the interview and accompanying photos elsewhere in your favourite magazine - they're well worth the trouble! Postbox 306 352, 2000 Hamburg 36, Germany. Price: 17DM.

DOMINATION DIRECTORY INTERNATIONAL: Are you looking for a dominatrix, a slave, a club to unwind in whilst you're on holiday abroad? This "directory" gives you the addresses and telephone numbers of dominatrices, well documented, with photos and their specialities. From now on you will be able to find your Mistress! Latest new sensation: the editor has announced a "directory" specially for Europe. We await the guide with impatience and of course you can write now to reserve your copy. (Price:\$10). STRICTLY SPEAKING PUB Co., Box 8006, Palm Springs, CA 92263, USA.

EROTIC PASSION No. 6 by Creative Art Collection: Madeleine, the proprietress of Collective Art Collection, has more than one string to her bow. Producing a de luxe magazine devoted entirely to piercing, male as well as female, is only one of her activities. The explicit photos in this full-colour magazine show you the collection which Creative Art can make for you in solid gold. Very interesting. Price: BF 700.



"O" FASHION, FETISH & FANTASIES No. 15: The latest number of this famous fetishist magazine is no longer a surprise. The photos are, as usual, fantastic - it's impossible to print better in colour at present - but we have a vague feeling that the magazine is becoming "a going concern". No longer anything innovative, "special"... Could it be that this famous German machine has already proved everything? Article on TERMINATRIX, their latest show, pictures by KARO and EIGHLER, a nice story but a glaring lack of information. Pity! A must just the same! On sale in fetishist boutiques and good bookshops. Price: BF 700/FF 120.

COMICS ERMA JAGUAR No. 3 by ALEX VARENNE: The latest album of the adventures of the by now well-known Erma Jaguar. Sensual, capricious, perverse, she will seduce you. Alex's black and white line drawings, the imagination and the script make this latest number a little masterpiece. On sale in good bookshops. (Price: FF 69).

CASINO 2 by LEONE FROLLO: This illustrator, well-known for his magnificent pencil strokes, is also a specialist in erotic comics. Voluptuous girls. "La dernière vierge de Paris" (The last virgin in Paris) in CASINO 2 brings alive for us the atmosphere of everyday life in a brothel, the distinctive characters of the clients, the specialties of the girls. Nothing SM here but very pleasant to read. Editions Magic Strip. On sale in all good bookshops. Price: FF 65.

L'ENLEVEMENT DE JUJIKO YAMAZAKI by Romain Slocomber: this abduction is the pretext for a debauchery of drawings showing young, Asiatic women bound hand and foot, gagged, tortured. A veritable catalogue of bondage worthy of the greatest masters. It is with real pleasure that this young illustrator delivers his first plates of bizarre comics to us. Not to be missed on any account. On sale at the Scarabée d'Or. Price: FF 60.

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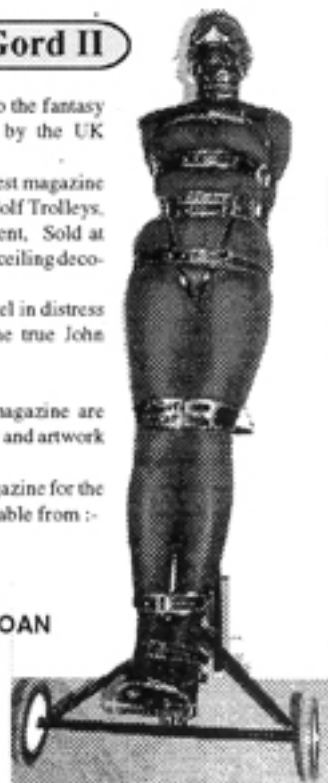
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SCHLAGZEILEN: exclusive interview

Schlagzeilen is to German-speaking Europe what Secret Magazine is to French-speaking Europe. (and now English-speaking...?) Not necessarily the fetishist /SM magazine with the largest circulation (that honour goes to "Demonia" in France and "O" in Germany and SKIN TWO in the world...), but a quality publication, in black and white, putting the accent as much on thinking as on the look and experiences, and put together by a team that is really into the subject.

"Schlagzeilen" is a play on words which translates as "headlines" (as in a newspaper) and "weals" (the marks left on the skin by a whip). The interview was conducted in a mixture of English and German with three-fifths of the founding group: Messrs Heico Linke and Jan P. Scheu and Mrs Geli. The interview is illustrated with original photos taken from their magazine.

recorded by Vincent Mikrou

SM: Schlagzeilen is sub-titled "Central organ of the Hamburg SM syndicate" (the play on words is intentional). Do you represent several organizations in the guise of a syndicate?

Jan: The syndicate was created six years ago, based on a group that wanted to break out of its isolation and get people thinking. It grew very quickly and split into several groups, one of which created the magazine three and a half years ago.

Geli: Now there are four groups which are in touch with each other, but the magazine must be considered as one of the branches and certainly not as the voice of all the groups.

Jan: The syndicate isn't an official organization, it's a sort of umbrella for several groups with differing orientations. In fact nobody can claim to be the syndicate. There are similar groups in Berlin, Essen, Dortmund, Hannover, Frankfurt and Marburg (editor's note: also in Düsseldorf, Karlsruhe, Kiel, Mannheim-Heidelberg, Cologne, Munich, Münster and Saarbrücken). They all have friendly contacts but there's no joint leadership.

SM: Have you got any plans to unify them? Jan: More for creating an open coordination without imposing an ideology or a common policy.

Geli: The groups are gatherings of people active in the field of SM, in certain regions. Don't expect groups by subject, specializing in bondage etc... They are simply people who feel good together.

SM: Have you got any spokespeople who deal with the media and politicians, like VSSM in Holland?

Geli: We've got plans in that direction. We're organizing an SM congress which will enable all the national groups to meet every other month at the party in Molotov. The intention is above all to see to it that SMers can go from one town to another and know where to go, to put ads in the press publicizing the existence of local groups etc... The congress is called Smöf (acronym from the German for "Sadomasochism and publicity"). It describes itself as "the SM syndicate's working group against the discrimination of the the sado-masochistic culture". It will be co-ordinated by Tom Rohwer, a non-staff contributor to Schlagzeilen.

Jan: Smöf will be responsible for contacts with the political world, in particular in respect of a law on violence which could be used against any voluntary practitioners of SM: article 184. Contacts already exist, the law hasn't been changed yet but the situation is positive. According to this law you can be punished for possession of a publication like Schlagzeilen or Secret.

Geli: More serious: within the meaning of the law you are guilty of possession of this sort of publication even if you have received on the subject of SM from your lover!

Jan: We're in full regression. The law is old but the government hasn't used it against us. Some years back they started to apply it more systematically. If it isn't changed we foresee our situation getting worse.

SM: What sorts of problems have you got with the law?

Geli: Two weeks ago the police seized 130 SM books and magazines in a shop in Kassel. We made a lot of publicity, to get him financial help. Another time, the police were present at a Molotov party to check if there were minors under the age of 18 present. We also had a case where a member of the staff who was present complained to the police because he couldn't bear what was happening there: he thought he was at a fetishist party (laughter). The police told him not to worry!

SM: How is SM presented in the German media?

Jan: Things are changing for the better, but the approach remains voyeuristic. The press and TV are showing an interest in talking about SM. We have been involved in several articles and broadcasts, without problems...

SM: In Belgium SM is banned just as strictly as pedophilia and zoophilia...

Jan: It's exactly the same thing here! All this is detailed in article 184. But the intention in Germany is to change the law so that it only suppresses pedophilia.

Geli: SmÖff has done some work - on 7 december 91 we organized a conference attended by a member of the Green Party who brought the discussion to the attention of the government.

SM: Do you see any difference between the SM scene in Germany and in the rest of Europe? Germany and German-speaking Switzerland have got a harder reputation...

Geli: The SM scene in Switzerland is indeed very special and rather hard, but that's mainly the professionals.

SM: What strikes me here is the naturalness with which you practise SM. Open-mindedness, no photographers...

Geli: You've seen that Schlagzeilen doesn't fill its pages with reports about SM parties like Kerstok, Secret, Demonia, "O" and Skin Two all do. They live as a function of the parties, and thus from their photos. We don't mention the parties, except as information. The parties in Berlin, for example, are more fetishist and perhaps more visual, and if photos of them are published in the magazine "O" it's got a lot to do with public relations.

Jan: We want our guests to feel at ease.

Heico: The photos of "parties" all look the same...

SM: Don't you think that the boom in parties throughout Europe is an indication of SM breaking through towards the general public?

Geli: At these parties lots of people look SM, for example by being chained, but lots of them don't practise it. There's an awful lot of show. If you try to do anything or to get things going, nothing happens. Here in Molotov you can be sure of one thing: the people come for the action!

SM: So you're confirming to me that your scene is harder...

Jan: I don't know if the action really is harder. The parties at Molotov are special, admission is very reasonable. It's not big business, there's not a lot of publicity. We could easily organize a party for a thousand or fifteen hundred people but on the one hand that wouldn't be possible every other month and on the other hand we want above all to bring together people who want to do their own thing. We're not interested in a spectacle.

SM: Is there a difference between the scenes in Hamburg and the rest of Germany?

Jan: Yes, Munich is very different. Lots of show. The scene there is twenty years older. You don't find many young people there. Not much friendship either. A lady from Munich was telling me yesterday that there is more friendly communication among people here in Hamburg. Berlin is very stressful, likewise lots of show, although a bit less commercial than Munich. Admission to the parties is more reasonable. Lots of people come from Berlin or Munich to the parties in Molotov.

SM: Which are the other SM or fetishist cities?

Jan: The scene is very new in Germany, only just a few years old. Munich and Berlin are the most developed, Hamburg came to life three years ago. They're the three most important towns really. Everywhere else the SM scene has been budding for three months, or even a year, and everything is developing at a dizzying speed.

SM: How does SM look in the ex-East Germany?

Jan: It already existed, well hidden! Now it's developing with the rest.

SM: I have the impression that we were born at a good time...

Geli: Or three, four centuries too late! (laughter)

SM: Seriously, what's the philosophy of Schlagzeilen?

Jan: We started small, among friends, and we didn't have the faintest idea of the direction we would take. We soon realized that we had our uses. The scene hadn't been waiting for us so it could exist but it certainly was waiting for a platform, which we were able to offer it. The main development since then has been in the quality. Better stories, better photos. No, different photos. A bit less action, a bit more thought even with the pictures, more associations of original ideas, more aesthetic. We refuse to sell in sex shops. We still allow ourselves the luxury of going to look for our readers ourselves and put the dialogue with the reader first. We choose a subject for each issue, for example childhood and the roots of sadomasochism, psychology and SM, freedom, being a feminist and a masochist at the same time, SM and politics...

SM: Why does Schlagzeilen present itself as a Hamburg magazine?

Jan: For sentimental reasons, essentially. We started off in Hamburg but now we address ourselves to the whole of Germany and to the rest of Europe as well.

Geli: The first issue was photocopied, 150 copies...

Jan: The subjects are of interest to everybody and regional news is very rare.

Heico: We don't come across like a pornographic magazine. Our articles also cover society and politics, so our reader is curious to know what SM is, what's happening to us... He has to think, it's not a sexual question. If that were the case we'd be making money!

Jan: At present we have a circulation of 2,000 copies, the majority sold in Hamburg and Berlin. We get bigger with every issue and should reach 5,000 copies. We bring out three or four numbers a year.

SM: Which are the other German magazines?

Geli: "O" for sure, it's very big but limited to fetishism. Then there's Caprice in Stuttgart, rather SM/leather porn, edited by a shop which also has a club for swingers. The stories are very badly written. There are also several very bad "things", more sex than anything else.

Jan: Schlagzeilen is the only magazine of its sort in Germany, the only one which contributes a bit of thinking and above all the only one to really write for a scene... "O" and Caprice are not competitors in our eyes, our readers are very different.

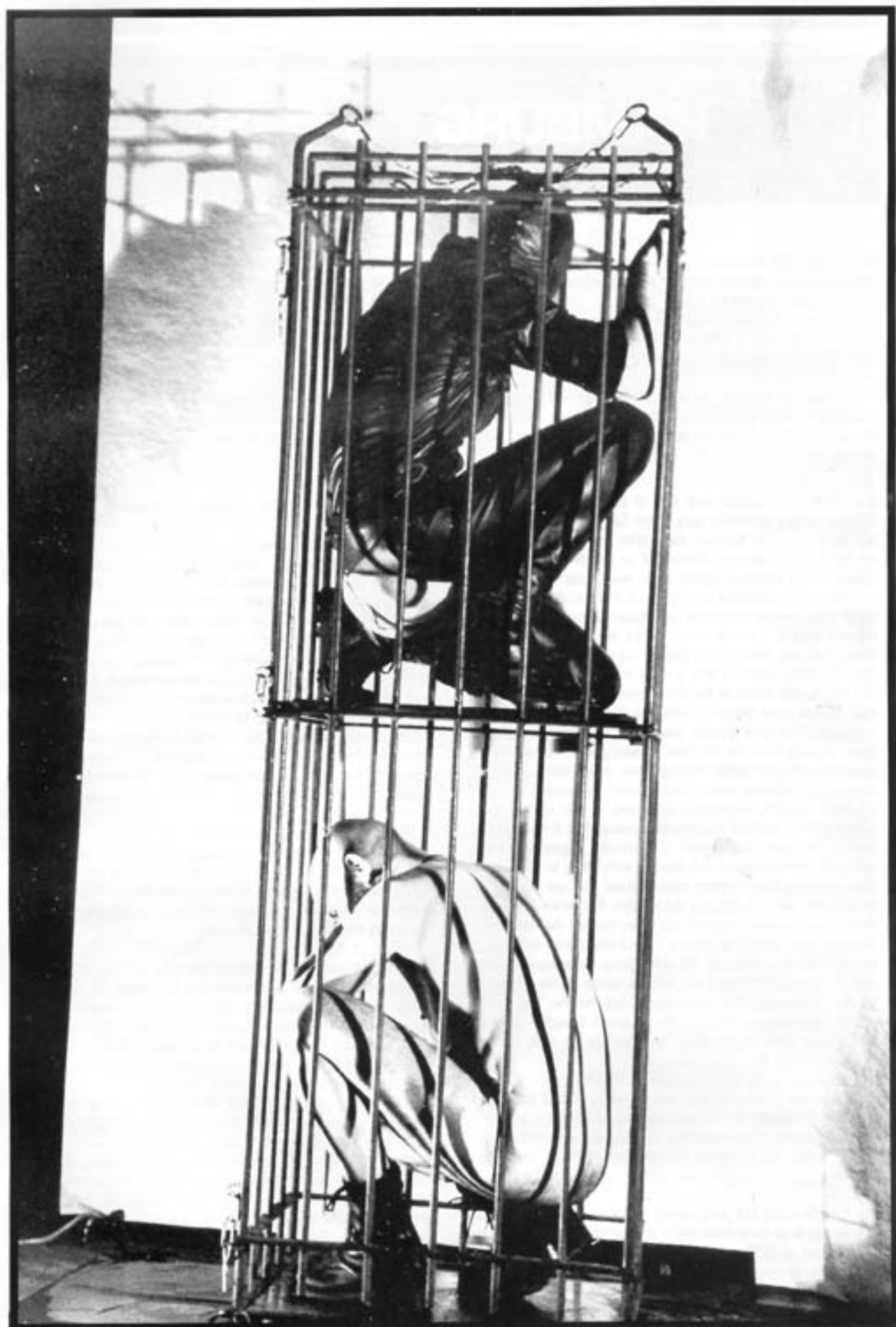
SM: Which are your favourite international magazines?

Geli: Secret if we could understand it! Sadanas, from Switzerland, isn't bad. My favourites for fetishism are Skin Two and "O".

SM: Anything else you want to say to our English-speaking readers?

Geli: Read Schlagzeilen!

SCHLAGZEILEN is intending to commence publication of an English-language edition in 1993



HAMBURG LIVES!

Not long ago, the Reeperbahn, near the port in Hamburg, was probably one of Europe's liveliest red-light districts. Today it resembles a badly preserved mummy. Money dominates the excitement and the neon signs stretching for miles of pavement hide the sullenness of the sex offered to the tourists attracted by a past glory. The streets are decorated with graffiti and strewn with the wrecks of humanity. In one of the establishments, a couple is rubbing (difficult to use the verb "caress") itself for the few Marks which their competitors will not get. Somewhere else, someone is playing with the joystick in an electronic games arcade or even with his own what's-it in front of another screen, that of the peep show. You could make a film here, set in a gloomy district of New York, if the signs in German were left out of the picture.

Nonetheless, it is here that the cockpit of Hamburg's very exciting SM scene is located. Within a radius of 3 miles can be found almost all the good addresses and the majority of the protagonists of a new activity whose influence is spreading throughout Germany by the efforts of the magazine Schlagzeilen. You can discover this periodical in the interview which we conducted with their editors and the portfolio of pictures taken from their publication.

Apart from the magazine itself, one of the principal activities of Schlagzeilen is organizing a party called "Les Fleurs du Mal". It is held in a disco, the "Molotov", every other month, more precisely: the first Friday in January, March and so on. We went there of course. It's not exactly a fetishist party, even if lots of people are (un)dressed in a particularly exciting way. It is above all a meeting of two or three hundred people who have made SM their everyday lives and who meet in a familiar place. There's dancing (a little), there's talking (lots) and there's action (plenty). Equipment in every corner: there are cages, chains, a sling, a cross, a rotating platform (so you can turn several slaves at the same time) and video screens. All these objects come from individuals who have emptied their "dungeons" or even their lounges (really!) for this night. Obviously, everyone brings his or her own "little" bits and pieces: we saw a wide variety of whips and crops. Anything goes, except cameras, which creates a relaxed atmosphere which is much appreciated. Sure of remaining incognito, Hamburg's SM scene is one of the most relaxed publics that there is. Contacts are easier than at the Benelux parties and active participation is especially spontaneous. It's enough to get on well with the person you're talking to and someone's locked up here or being whipped there. The vast majority of actions take place on the big, open dance floor where everybody strains unabashedly to take part and where we had the opportunity of seeing some records for violence, for number of whip lashes and for domination but above all for good spirits, for enthusiasm and even for humour. We were told that the quality of the parties is relatively uneven but the organizers did tell me that their latest formula, which consists of placing the equipment throughout the hall and a small show to encourage volunteers at the start, will be repeated in future. So, good news.

There's no lack of private parties over the weekend, after the official party, and it's enough to make you lose your mind trying to take part in everything - which we did without hesitation. But that, as they say in (the French SM magazine) *Demonia*, we won't talk about, it's private.

The "Les Fleurs du Mal" party having a clear hetero and bi orientation, we had to go somewhere else to find the gay meetings, to wit to the premises of GLSM (Gruppe Leder SadoMasochism). This is a very hard group which those of a nervous disposition should avoid at all costs, except for the discussion evenings. The first contact was surprising: we found ourselves in a quiet street facing two or three shop windows behind which the steel shutters, all identical, were

down. Each window is empty, except for the programme for the next six months, hanging in a small frame like the opening times of a mutual benefit society. Except that here the opening times are listed opposite: "SM discussion", "session", "bastinado", "incognito", "FF" (once and for all for video freaks: it means fist fucking and not last forward!), "latex" and a speciality I had never even heard of: "beer, beard and belly"! Please note, GLSM meets every week. You can enter through any of the shop's doors because you come out into the same immense, gloomy warehouse, fully equipped with cages and pulleys. There is also a bar and a room you can sleep in. Sleep stairs lead to a maze of little cellars done out as prisons, torture chambers or FF rooms (each with a sling for the one being fist fucked to lie in if he doesn't want to stand for it). It's pretty claustrophobic and smells of oil and sweat. The most original anecdote is the one that on "flag" nights the actives use the right-hand door to come in and the passives the left-hand one. A huge stock of bamboo canes is waiting for them in the middle.

We searched in vain for any sign of specifically lesbian activity, their specialist magazine *Leather News* having folded at the end of 1990. Being short of time we didn't bother with sex shops, addresses for commercial domination nor swinger clubs, even though one of them was trendy enough to offer an SM room.

On the other hand we did get the first issue of "SM Depesche", Smöf's info sheet (see our interview with Schlagzeilen) and "SM & Recht", two new organisations, one a social and political lobby group, the other a national co-ordination group. Compiling them must have been a Herculean task for the editors, Martin Schneider (Hamburg) and Tom Rohwer and Sylvia Thoms (Neumünster). Their publication has details of various SM groups up and down the country, of the activities of SM & Recht, of the financial help for Schwarze Galerie (the Kassel bookshop which is facing huge legal costs following the seizure of its stock), of the creation of SM Archiv (destined to become the reference library on the subject) and of European parties (Secret Night was on the list). SM Depesche will appear monthly from July 1992. SM & Recht, founded this year, is an association of SM lawyers intended to help and protect the whole German scene. Their first task has kept them busy for months: compiling all the laws and verdicts relating to the subject. As EC jurisprudence influences the neighbouring countries, too, they are interested in contacts with lawyers abroad. Please note...

All the German addresses are listed together elsewhere in your Secret Magazine.

Vincent Mikrou

HAMBURG SELLS!

The sadomasochistic tourists (recognizable in winter by the end of the whip sticking out of their mags or thigh boots and in summer by the bruises that their T-shirts cannot hide) will be happy to know where to turn to on their in Hamburg.

LEATHER

Don't hesitate to head for PULS DRUGSTORE, where Mr Puls, a sort of grocer-artisan-caretaker of the SM room, will welcome you, in French if you want! He'll make anything you ask him to in leather and his "drugstore" presents a considerable range. The code word to elicit a deluge of words from him: "Secret Magazine"! Mail order sales, too: his catalogue has a diagram for filling in your measurements. Very reasonable prices. The BOUTIQUE DE SADE has such an enormous selection that you will find it under the heading "general". MR. CHAPS LEATHERWORKS is a small manufacturer of relatively gay clothing a long way from all the other addresses. Good quality but very small selection. EASY RIDER, no connection with the SM scene, offers a good choice of leather clothing, fashionable as well as biker-inspired. Their shop on the Reeperbahn has the largest selection. THE LEATHER CAGE has second-hand 30s and 50s leather blousons for enthusiasts. REVOLT SHOP (see below) has some SM accessories in stock.

THIGH BOOTS AND HIGH HEELS

Three shops within a few minutes of each other. MESSMER is the best-known, BLICKER also has some very nice stuff and EASY RIDER is timidly following the movement. Check all three before making up your mind.

METAL

SM TOY is a very interesting contact because manufacturers of metal equipment are few and far between. Gustav Schultz benefits from his professional experience to make all sorts of restraining equipment after hours. Cages, iron masks, bars, heavy manacles, everything is possible. All the equipment we saw was impeccable and imaginative. One piece of advice just the same: get it chrome-plated if you have any doubts about damp where you want to put what you order. Gustav hasn't got any stock, he makes everything to order. He doesn't travel abroad and the equipment must be collected at his place. Write in German or English only.

LATEX

PETER LAMPE is one of the pioneers of latex clothing, dating back to when the little lady adored wearing pyjamas or nightdresses in this noble material. This family business, which makes and sells its own designs, hasn't moved with the times. Creativity and finish leave a lot to be desired in comparison to DeMask. Peter Lampe's customers are mostly regulars from the north of the country who don't travel and so have nothing to compare it with. Insiders rummage among the small items: gloves, accessories etc. See BOUTIQUE DE SADE below in particular.

BOOKS, VIDEOS & MAGAZINES

Apart from the sex shops, the last food of sex, the only two quality bookshops "with a difference" are essentially gay. Both have an enormous selection and will be of interest to anyone with a bit of imagination in their sex lives, whatever their tendencies. Warm reception at both addresses: MÄNNERSCHWARM only deals in printed matter: books, magazines, post cards, posters.... A wide variety of subjects and the shop is not limited to German: we found plenty of publications in English, Dutch and French. The accent is on literature. REVOLT SHOP, what a marvellous name, puts more emphasis on the visual and books of photos are side by side with specialist literature. We liked the corner reserved for publications about tattooing. Lots and lots of purely gay videos, also a bit of SM stuff and leather accessories. A word in passing: PETER LAMPE, the latex manufacturer, has a large selection of catalogues and magazines devoted to the material. See under BOUTIQUE DE SADE as well.

PIERCING

REVOLT SHOP also prides itself on being the biggest piercing specialist in the north of the country and indeed does sell a large selection of body jewelry and has edited a small, intelligent catalogue detailing all the options. A doctor does the piercing and inserting. The ENDLESS PAIN tattoo studio is also active in this field.

TATTOOING

As in every port, there are countless tattooers in Hamburg. Very subjectively, we give you an address which has numerous links with our world, starting with the amusing name of the studio, ENDESS PAIN, which deals in piercing and also sells SM and bondage T-shirts.

SEX SHOPS

Of course there are a huge number of sex shops in Hamburg, some of them specializing in gay. The only one that seemed to be on a wavelength with our interests is BOUTIQUE BIZARRE on the Reeperbahn. Up to you to go and have a look...

GENERAL

The BOUTIQUE DE SADE has just reopened its doors under new management. In several rooms it offers a very interesting and wide range of articles in leather and rubber, magazines, books, videos for every taste, all sorts of things for fitting out your personal dungeon: furniture, electrical appliances, enema equipment. Nothing was missing as far as I could see. The prices might seem high but don't let that put you off popping in to have a look round. At the exit lovers of de Sade can turn their heads and see the names of the professional clubs.

Vincent Mikrou

Hamburg - the addresses in alphabetical order Attention! Use English or German when writing to Germany. Avoid French except for Puls Drugstore.

Blicker, Modeschuhe, Reeperbahn 143, 2 Hamburg 4, Tel: 040/31.42.09

Boutique de Sade, Erichstrasse 29, 2000 Hamburg 36, Tel:040/319.41.62 (12 a.m. - 8 p.m.)

Easy Rider, Reeperbahn 153-155, 2000 Hamburg 36, Tel:040/319.45.82 (10 a.m. - 8 p.m.)

Grosse Bleichen 21, 2000 Hamburg 36, 040/34.37.41

Endless Pain, Erichstrasse 1, 2000 Hamburg 36 (monday till thursday 2 p.m. - 10 p.m., Friday-Saturday 2 p.m.-12 p.m.)

GLSM, Eichholz 56, 2000 Hamburg 11, Tel:040/31.35.40, postal adress: Postfach 32 34 48, 2000 Hamburg 13

Peter Lampe, Goethestrasse 37, 2000 Hamburg 50, Tel:040/38.76.64 (Tuesday-Friday 3 p.m. - 7 p.m., Saturday 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.)

The Leather Cage, Max-Brauer-Allee 275, 2000 Hamburg 50, on the corner of Schulterblatt (Monday-Friday starting at 1 p.m., Saturday opens at 10 a.m.)

Märnerschwam, Neuer Pferdemarkt 32, 2000 Hamburg 36, Tel:040/43.60.93 (Monday-Friday 10 a.m. - 6.30 p.m., Thursday 10 a.m.-8.30 p.m., Saturday 10 a.m. - 2 p.m., first Saturday 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.)

Messmer, Reeperbahn 77-79, 2000 Hamburg 4, Tel:040/31.41.82 (Monday-Friday 9 a.m.-10 p.m.)

Molotov - Mite "Les fleurs du mal" - every first Friday every 2 months. Starting at 10 p.m. until morning, fee 10 DM. Spielbudenplatz 7 (Reeperbahn), 2000 Hamburg 36

Mr. Chaps Leatherworks, Schmilskystrasse 9, 2000 Hamburg 1, Tel:040/24.31.09 (Monday-Friday 2 p.m.-6 p.m., Saturday 11 a.m.-2 p.m.)

Puls Drugstore, Davidstrasse 5, 2000 Hamburg 36, Tel:040/31.36.60 (Tuesday-Saturday 11 a.m.-9 p.m.)

Revolt Shop, Ciemens-Schulz-Strasse 77, 2000 Hamburg 4, Tel:040/31.28.48 (Monday-Saturday 10 a.m.-6.30 p.m.)

Schlagzeilen, Zentralorgan des S/M-Syndikats Hamburg, Postfach 306 352, 2000 Hamburg 36, Tel:040/43.22.99

SM Toy Hamburg (Gustav Schultz) Postfach 60 25 68, 2000 Hamburg 60, Tel:040/39.07.637 or Tel:040/39.58.42 (answering machine)

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© Photo Hideo



FUNNY SKIN

presents

EXCLUSIVE CLOTHING

by

KARIN WIT

Team productions 1992 - PAL 16 minutes

Wagenweg 16 - 2012 ND Haarlem - Netherlands



Despite the conventional presentations and too many overhead shots (one senses the catwalk report), a smashing, extra-special little video!

The ingredients and the recipe: DEBBY, DIANA, DIEDRICK, KIKI, MONIQUE and NATASJA: six superb models, brunette, blonde, red-head, chestnut or black; plump or slim, sexy and sweet. To dress them you take the splendid panopoly of LATEX and PVC on the KARIN WIT label and you make it all into a mini fashion show! Result: a dream of a trip for fetishists regales the eyes, imagination running wild and above all the desire to touch (hey, you!), to offer or... to buy! Great stuff, Mrs Karin Wit!

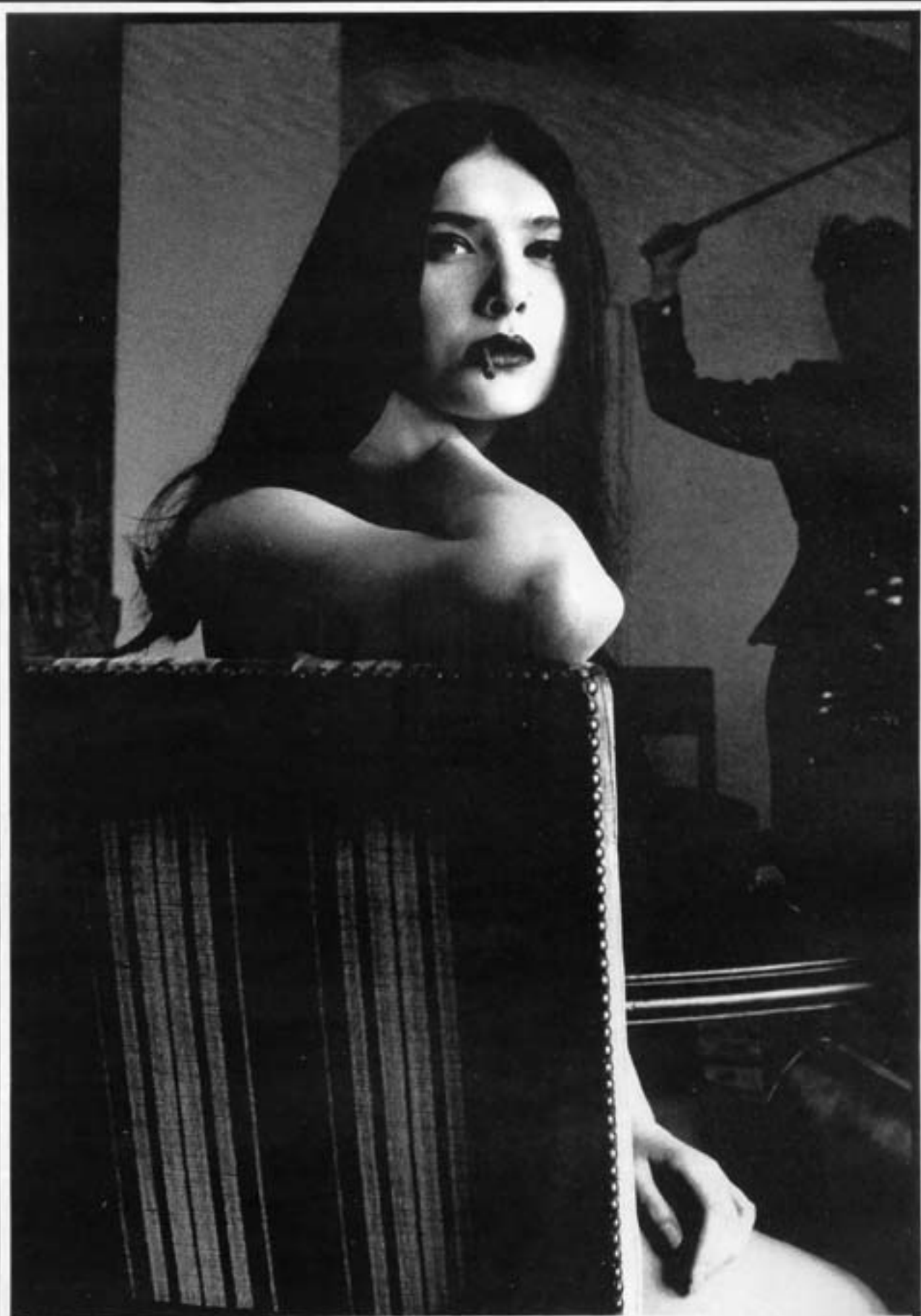
Hold tight and enjoy yourselves, eyes! Whether it be in the company of Debby, in a skin-tight red catsuit offset with shining black thigh boots; of Diana, sophisticated in a black, croc two-piece, mounted on very pretty high-heel mules; of Kiki, the red-head, sporting a fabulous mini in latex... Monique, in a long black vinyl coat, concealing shorts in the same material and a spotted jacket - in black and white stripes; of Diederick, in very chic lamé and hat; or of Natasja, latex mini... mauve and black, topped off with a bomber jacket, fringed, studded, or laced. I FLIPPED!

Sixteen minutes of fabulous fashion that end with a little taste of a bit too much! So much the better! I do not wish to see - nor to see worn - other materials:

I adored it! I'll give it 9 out of 10

J.Blackskai

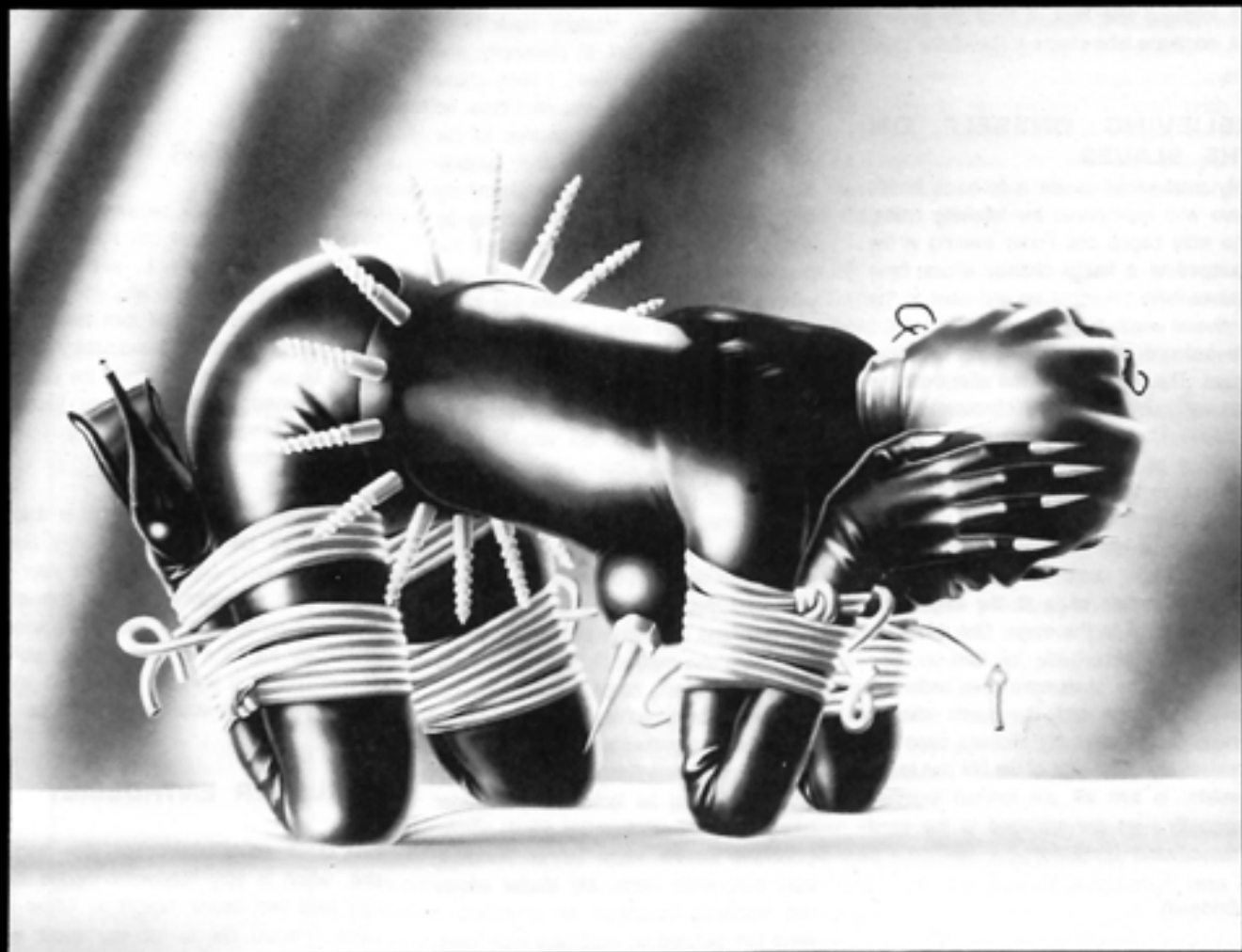




Eddy Bally 1931

T R E V O R

B R O W N



I L L U S T R A T I O N

READERS' LETTERS

On top of our requests for subscriptions and for readers letters concerning our fetishist party, we received - hold tight! - a certain number of SM questionnaires sent back to us direct by super enthusiastic subscribers. On the back of one of these documents was the following text from, it must be pointed out, someone who claims to be of the male sex:

RELIEVING ONESELF ON THE SLAVES

My most secret dream is to be a female slave who experiences the following scene. The story begins one Friday evening in the courtyard of a feudal chateau where three crosses have been put up and fixed to the inner wall which is overlooked by a turret. I am fastened in the middle with two other slaves. The guests arrive one after the other and are welcomed by my Mistress and my Masters. The latter suggest to the guests that they go and relieve themselves on the slaves from the turret. As soon as all the guests have arrived my Master unties us and leads us into the dressing room. There we put on our maids uniforms. The guests have taken their seats at the large table placed parallel to the stage. Our role is to serve the guests. Little by little as time passes all three of us have been under the table to lick and suck the guests who so desire. At one point my Mistress claps her hands to signal the start of the SM part to the revelers. In turn we are tortured together, separately... we are subjected to the worst tortures and humiliations...

(abridged)

Bruised, exhausted and dripping with urine we still faced the most difficult test of all: making all our guests come. We are hung from the ceiling, tied to benches or spreadeagled horizontally on the walls. The Mistresses impale themselves on my sex whilst my mouth and my anus are penetrated by the sexes of the Masters. One after the other they arrive at the ultimate moment when they all discharge in my face. I cannot even speak, so great is the quantity, my eyelids are stuck together. If you want to know more about the abridged part, do not hesitate to write to me.

Dolores

MY MASTER IS MY ONLY TRUTH

A submissive woman, a dominant man. This is a millennial scheme that is neither original nor subversive. But my lover and I have reinterpreted this sort of relationship in our own way. Yes, I am my Master's slave (even though I am a student of philosophy and literature at university... free!). I freely chose to belong to my Master and so I have no other decisions to take. He decides for me and I obey. When we are together, symbolically, I hand him my watch, my ID and my credit cards. I am no longer anything but myself, I am no longer anything but the property of my lover. He does what he wants with me. For example, he insists that in his presence I always wear a very restraining Victorian corset which he laces up as tight as he wants - and even tighter for our erotic games. He wants me to wear extremely sexy outfits when I go out with him. His favourite is a black vinyl tights, a short oil-skin blouson (also black) and high, lace-up patent leather boots in the same colour. He exhibits me, dressed like this, everywhere: in the town centre, in the department stores or the sex shops. He's mad about me, about the envy and admiration which not just my clothes but also my body excite, just as he is proud of his cars, a coupé and a saloon. On the streets in broad daylight my fetishist attire always provokes a terrible impact. My Master is a Sloane Ranger and (he's finishing tech college) he looks like a manager taking out a call-girl. I am his private whore. Indoors I am his maid, fishnet stockings, latex mini, white apron. My Master adores real manacles bought at an armourer's. I serve him perched on impossibly high heels, my ankles encased in leg-irons linked by a short chain, I take very small steps, which excites him tremendously. He does not resist, he puts me over a black leather pouffe, skirt pushed up to my hips and takes the crop to my exposed cheeks; sometimes he leaves me in this position for a long time; sometimes he brutally buggers me. We have a brass bed, black satin sheets, the bars permit various forms of bondage. My Master has fixed a copper ring high up on the wall for tying my hands to and whipping me, standing. My Master often punishes me because he has to train me. But not always in the bedroom. One evening we were in the car when he suddenly stopped in a wood.

He tied my wrists with his tie; he whipped me, leaning over the bonnet, first with his belt, then with a green branch which marked me like the whip! Then he ordered me to suck him, on my knees in the mud of a forest path. My lover prefers fellatio and anal pleasures because he's the only one to take his pleasure there. I am nothing but an object, more than ever. My happiness is ensuring that of my Master. I have no other desire than to satisfy his ones. I am at the mercy of a will above mine, I no longer have to act but to submit, I am relieved of the burden of thinking. Asking questions that have no answer is my job as a philosopher. But beyond any uncertainty, my Master is my only truth.

Mercedes

DEAR OH DEAR

Dear you, I have just received your subscription reminder. What can I say? That I am confused. Absolutely. I... you won't believe me... forgot! That's why I'm sending you a subscription renewal form today and, conscious of my fault, inexcusable, I ask you to be so kind as to indicate the punishment deserved... humbly. On my knees... Your loyal servant. And, incidentally, I tore up the order form! Dear oh dear.

Dear reader, your punishment is to follow the Jehovah's Witnesses round every Sunday and at every house where the door is slammed in their faces you will ring and suggest a subscription to Secret Magazine. Statistically there's a chance it might work. At worst you'll get the door slammed in your face as well, which would serve you right.

A RUBBER ENTHUSIAST

First of all, congratulations on your magazine, which is very successful though I've only read two issues, bought at Glitter in Liège. I would like to tell you about my genuine experiences, which I continue to live out very happily and intensely.

My name is Liliane, I am 49 years old and was widowed 3 years ago. I was living alone, with no affectionate relationship with a man as I wanted to find a man who makes me flustered because deep down inside me I have a taste for masochism which I didn't dare express because of my very prudish, Catholic upbringing (boarding school etc) and also because of my husband: I was hoping that his age (20 years older than me) would make him more depraved and would make him satisfy my secret desires, but no, I am very well-off materially but I miss the satisfaction of being submissive, of living a

certain humiliation, but I specially like rubber and for it to be worn by the one who will be my lover. As for me, I have put together a rubber wardrobe: a maid's outfit, four pairs of long black and flesh-coloured stockings, a long brown skirt under which I wear nothing - which is very exciting, feeling the rubber on my bum and legs. But when I put these clothes on I am alone at home, at least until 2 months ago when I finally won the jackpot in the shape of my unmarried (though good-looking) neighbour, 41 years old, 6 foot tall and well built. Although I've known him for a long time, we only got started a short while ago. It was while he was doing a small job at my place. I suggested having a drink, which he accepted with great pleasure because I felt that he, too, wanted me and whilst serving him I let drop the glass, which broke on the floor and then I was shaken by his reaction. He said to me "like in the song, smashed glass, spanked arse" and laughed very confidently. But to be spanked by his big, strong hands, that excited me terribly. I was as red as a beetroot. After he left, I decided that we would be lovers and that he would be my master, even though I was very intimidated as at 46 years of age it was the first time that I thought I had found a shoe to fit my foot. The next day I decided to invite him over to my place for the evening. I decided to be provocative: I dressed very sexy: black leather skirt, black stockings held up by suspenders of course and for shoes I put on black, knee-length leather boots (very soft leather, tight-fitting). He was going to be able to admire me because I saw to it that he could see up my legs over the tops of my stockings. I desired him, I wanted him. I had the feeling that he would know a bit about training women like me (it wasn't all that long ago that I discovered sodomy and the rest...). The next day came and seemed terribly long to me. At last the evening came and when he came to ring at my door I was on tenterhooks. When I opened the door I saw his look, a bit surprised but very interested. He watched me very attentively, his eyes followed my every move round the house. I sat down facing him, legs crossed, a position that let him admire the tops of my legs. I positioned myself so that he got an eyeful of what I was offering him. We were talking about this and that and above all about our liking for certain materials such as leather, rubber etc. Then we danced a slow dance and I felt his penis get bigger. It seemed rather long and thick to me but I still can't visualize what he's going to do to me with such a monster. No need to explain that we kissed long and hard. He pets me and I feel his hands climbing up the length of my legs until they were above the tops of my stockings. I was white-hot but things won't go any further this evening. We went to sleep, each of us in our beds, that's to say him at his

place and me at my place. I sleep very well despite the excitement but when I wake up I can't help thinking about him and above all about the size of his penis standing straight in his trousers. I can still feel it against my belly. That same afternoon, Friday, we decide to go shopping together. I dress the same way as the day before. Shopping over, he invited me over to his place for dinner, just something simple. I asked him to drop me off at my place first, time to change my underwear. I put quite a large suspender-belt on that almost goes up to my breasts but kept my seamed black stockings and my leather boots on. I am sure that something is going to happen this evening and I am ready for anything (well, almost), because when I think about what he's got between his legs... that's a different matter. We get dinner ready together. He wears jeans that fit snug where they're supposed to. After the meal we clear everything away, drink a small cup of coffee and start to talk. I tell him about my clothes because he can only see what I've got on. He suggests that I go and get a latex skirt and afterwards he'll show me what he's got. Luckily I live near him and in ten minutes I had changed my skirt. As for him, when I get back, he has put a different pair of trousers on, or rather a pair of tight-fitting leather trousers that cling to his skin. When he sees me, he is staggered, he can't get over it. We sit down, we kiss. I'm wetting my rubber knickers (underwear that he still hasn't discovered but which, without doubt, he won't be long in doing). We have a drink and I finally ask him to show me what he's got. We go upstairs, me going in front of him, a few steps ahead of him so that he can get an eyeful. Entering an almost empty bedroom (there's only a big metal cupboard, with a sort of gynaecological chair), he opens this cupboard for me and in it I discover several pairs of rubber gloves, some very long, more short and also some real surgical gloves as well as two pairs of boots with two inch heels. On one of the shelves in the cupboard I see all the stuff for enemas - like a big bulb, a pint syringe, some canules, some catheters, some rubber tubing. In a corner of the cupboard, hanging on a nail, was a white coat, latex of course. I am red and very intimidated. There's a big difference between fantasy and reality. Although I'm longing with all my heart for him to use this gear, I'm worried about what's going to happen to me. Him, he's got time, he makes me wait, letting me stew in my own juice. We go back downstairs and we talk. That's the moment I chose to knock over a glass, and that's what started it all off. He looks at me very severely and tells me that he is going to punish me in a way I won't forget, but that the punishment could wait, so he made love to me... At last I was able to see his sex, 8 inches long, 2 inches thick and 7 inches round. I was quite impressed, above all when he put it in my

mouth, I thought I was going to choke. But when he started to lick me, it was marvelous, he uses his big tongue in a sublime way, and then he penetrates me, goes deep. I come very powerfully and at the same time he floods my belly with his boiling hot spunk. Happy and satisfied, I put my knickers back on and smooth my skirt down. He doesn't punish me that evening, but says that the punishment will take place the next day, Saturday afternoon. He takes me back to my place. Saturday morning, as soon as I wake up at seven o'clock, I phone him and tell him that I'm longing to see him. At eight o'clock I'm at his place and we make love again of course. I've got it good, very good and I feel great afterwards. After a bit of a rest, he takes me out to a restaurant, dressed very sexy. I have the feeling that everyone is looking at me. After strolling around town, we come back. The punishment follows soon afterwards. Back at his place, he makes me put on my rubber clothes: stockings, skirt, bra and suspender-belt. Him, he's got his leather trousers and a tight fitting pullover. When I'm ready he sends me to look for a pair of long thigh boots. I do as he says and bring him his long black come up to his balls. They're held up by a strap to his belt. From a drawer he takes a pair of red gloves, not long ones. It's then that he tells me that he's going to give me a spanking. He pulls me towards him, puts me over his knee and starts to give me slaps on my cheeks, which by the way are very pretty, so I'm told. But unfortunately for me, after a dozen slaps, I can't keep in a fart. So he stops and decides that a nice trip upstairs will do me good as it's impolite to fart whilst you're being spanked. I had only just begun to beg, before going up he took two quart bottles of water. In the bedroom he made me take off my skirt and made me crouch on his great table which is covered with a rubber sheet. He takes a very long pair of gloves, the white coat and a large stainless steel bowl and goes past me into the bathroom to put some warm water in it. He places the bowl in front of me and rasps some soap into it. Whilst the soap is melting, he pulls on the long gloves, which come up to his shoulders. Me, there, on my knees, trembling, I ask myself what's happening to me. In front of me, he takes a tube of vaseline and coats two of his fingers (the index and middle fingers, of course) then he goes round behind me and with his left hand he spreads my cheeks and I feel his fingers: the index finger first, which is trying to force its way into my anus. The index finger goes in and then the other one. That hurts a bit. As I am quite tight here he pushes his fingers to and fro two or three times. Then he takes them out and washes his hands. His fingers are full of shit. Then he takes the bowl, pours the contents of the bottle of water at a temperature of 100° F with lots of soap. Then he

pours the mixture into a two-pint beer-mug. He pushes the fine tube into my little hole, opens the tap and moves the tube slowly backwards and forwards. Then he takes a syringe. At the end of it there is a 30 cm probe. He pushes it in and presses the plunger. The warm liquid runs into my belly. It's difficult for me to take, and I say that I still have two syringes to take. Nothing stops him. Having finished the injection, he pushes his finger in again because I am to keep the enema for more than five minutes. It's painful, he makes me get down and takes me to the bathroom, still with his finger in my backside. He takes me to the toilet like this. It's hard, it was very difficult to walk like that. I'm glad of the relief that I feel when it all comes out. I feel well again, but only for a moment, because I am laid on the table again, this time on my back. He makes me undergo another enema, of four pints, which he does very slowly, evidently with lots of pleasure. When I am back at the toilet again, he says he is going to bugger me. I doubt that I can resist such an assault, in view of his long, thick member. It excites him of course, the more as he makes me suck it so that I appreciate his thick thing which is going to torture my anus. We go down into the living-room. He takes his coat off but keeps his gloves on. With a tube of vaseline in his hand, he looks very strict in his rubber boots. He makes me get on my knees in an armchair, he puts some vaseline up my arse with his finger, puts some on his penis, too, then he holds me tight by the haunches, and he starts to push harder and harder. For a moment I thought I was going to pass out, such was my pain, but then the gland is passed, he pushes another inch or so, it hurts, I moan. It's no good, he keeps going, he slips it in me up to the hilt. In, out. A little while later, he withdraws, takes a small whip out of a drawer and inflicts a drastic punishment on me. I cry, it hurts a lot... He makes me lie on my back on the floor and once again he rapes my arse. Like this, with a cushion under my bum, penetration is deeper, up to his balls and then he's fucking, and that takes a while. I explode, and him, too, at the same time. No need to go into details about how we were both sweating and very tired because I have to be more specific about how a well-spanked woman feels relaxed and is fully capable of doing something stupid again, above all because I love the bad treatment that Henri makes me put up with. Now, I can't wear knickers any more, it's forbidden on pain of severe punishment. I can wear underwear, rubber for preference, nylon stockings for going out, but rubber at home, above all for sodomy and enemas.

A rubber enthusiast

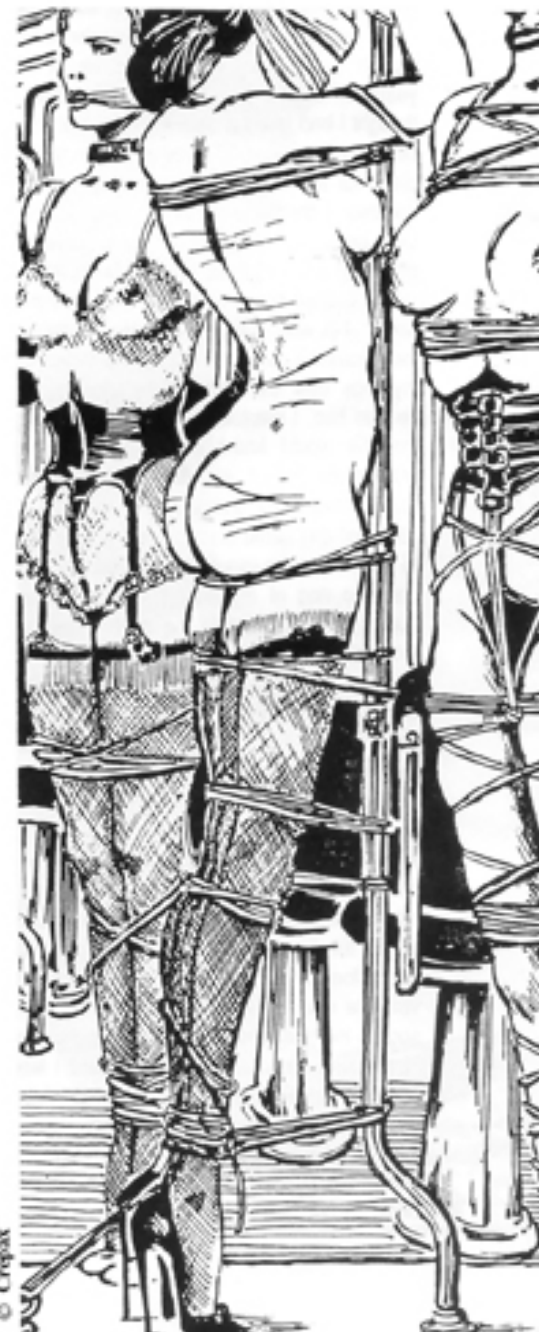
P.S: This afternoon I am going to put up with being assaulted again with this long, thick member, the whip and the enemas. It will of course be done by a master's hand. I see him, he's pulling on his big boots which hug his legs so tightly and once again I am going to endure the enemas, painful because of the quantity of water and soap and if I lose any of it, I am thrashed twice as hard afterwards. At the end of a session my backside is on fire and despite that, I want it to go on for a long time even if it means getting hold of an innocent slave for him from time to time, which keeps running through my mind. I've got a bit of an idea about that.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A TRANVESTITE BOUND AND GAGGED

My name is Eric, I am 32 years old, I like cross-dressing and playing bondage games. I have still not met my female alter ego. But it is true to say that I do not look a lot because I do not know if women like this sort of fantasy. I shall tell you one of my stories in brief and I assure you that it is true. Liking transvestism and bondage as I do for getting my pleasure, at the start of autumn (a season I particularly like because of the wind in my dresses which caresses my skin) I thought about giving myself a little treat. Having located a steep, clayey slope in the forest I decided to play a little solitary game there one evening. I got dressed as a woman from top to toe: a light dress, stockings, suspenders, bra and silk knickers. I put a tracksuit on over the top and set off for the appointed place. I parked my car not far away and walked the rest of the way. I had taken a bath-towel, a bag of rope and some sticking-plaster. When I arrived at the spot I could not see very well because it was already eleven o'clock in the evening and it was pouring down - but this was ideal for what I wanted to do. It was pleasantly warm despite the very strong wind that was blowing. I took my tracksuit off and straight away I felt the excitement mounting in me, but my penis was still not at its maximum. Then I put a wide strip of sticking-plaster on my mouth and tied my wrists together, using a procedure which I cannot remember all that well. My hands bound tight, I headed for the clay through which a little stream of muddy water meandered. My heart was hammering fit to burst and my penis, encased in the silk knickers, was throbbing in time with my heart. I let myself fall a bit, I was more and more excited, I have seldom if ever had an erection like this one. Having arrived at the bottom of the delf, I recovered a bit. Then, still excited, on the verge of coming, I started to climb back up and that was even better because, bound and gagged, it was as if someone was trying to stop me getting back

up. My dress clung to my skin, my knickers stuck deeper and deeper between my cheeks, my heart was beating even wilder, it was raining even harder, I lost a shoe and I could barely move forward, but I kept on trying to climb up this clayey ditch. Fear began to take its toll, which was even better, I realized that I couldn't untie myself. When I slipped and fell down again in the ditch, I ejaculated in a terrible orgasm. I stayed lying where I was without moving for a long time, I felt so good in the mud. I had been told that mud-baths were brilliant but this was the height of pleasure. Exhausted, I pulled myself together and tried to remove my bonds, which I managed to do. I gathered my strength and my belongings, lost in the hand-to-hand fighting with the earth and the elements I love. I got away with a good cold, but what an experience among the few that I have had and which, if I am allowed, I will tell you about some other time. Good for you and bravo again for your magazine.

Eric (Rhode St Genèse, Belgium).



THE SHAMELESSNESS OF ANITA PERGOLA

Act one: the beginning

The flat is waiting to be furnished. The high, white walls are still breathing the new paint. A six foot mirror, almost as tall as the windows, is fixed to the marble chimney-breast. Fluorescent lamps on the walls and on some hastily arranged crates light up the rooms with various synthetic colours. High-tech furniture would not be out of place in these surroundings.

The carpet with the angular pattern is walked on by numerous shoes coming and going, martyred by stiletto heels, attacked by the ashes whose fall the grey of the carpet hides. Drops of cocktail christen this new carpet, whilst the revellers delight in the obligatory small talk required of a house-warming party like this evening's, marked by the ill-assortedness of the guests. Among all the conversations that of Anita Pergola and Dominique Senardi was noticeable for its joviality. The two long-standing friends had met face to face again by chance after having lost sight of one another. They discover with satisfaction that their old complicity has remained intact and are talking about their present lives. Dominique has achieved a certain blossoming with a woman ten years older than herself whom she had met shortly after she and Anita had broken up whilst Anita had got married three years ago.

"You see," she says to her confidante, "I imagined that a relationship with a man would be much more exciting than the married life as I presently know it. My husband is tender and kind but that isn't enough to satisfy me. More and more often I find myself dreaming of bizarre and dishonourable things: of being taken against my will by several men, or being tied up, things like that."

"Living out one's fantasies and imagining them are two very different things. Would you be able to do it if you had the chance?"

"I don't think so, no. I'm scared of leaving my husband and rushing into something, just to fall into the arms of the males I would project my dreams onto and who would bring me nothing. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Risking losing someone you love and in the end not finding the life that you imagine. You ought rather to learn to love what your husband can give you, as far as that's possible."

"Yes, I suppose nothing would give me greater pleasure. Only, I'm afraid it isn't enough just to snap my fingers to change my personality."

"Have you talked to him about your fantasies at all? Perhaps he would be happy to explore them with you?"

"Certainly not, he's not the type. You know, when we've got visitors he puts my Secret Magazines away in a cupboard. So, as far as sharing my fantasies is concerned, nothing doing!"

Her husband Louis' hand on her shoulder made Anita change the subject to something more innocuous. She introduced her old friend Dominique, whom he couldn't remember having heard Anita mention. They exchanged addresses and parted with a kiss.

Act two: the invitation

Intigued by the handwriting, which is difficult to decipher, Anita Pergola tears the envelope open. The text is laconic:

Be in the middle of Place de la Monnaie square next Wednesday at 9 p.m. A friend who wishes to see you suffer.

The note was accompanied by a suggestive drawing by Leonor Fini which started her dreaming. Rereading the card, she realizes that it must be from someone who knows her well. It can't be a mere coincidence that the date has been made for two hours after her husband's departure for a colloquium abroad. The perspectives which the invitation opens up scare Anita, who decides not to take it up. She nevertheless slips the envelope into her bag.

Act three: the decision

In the train slowly leaving the Gare du Midi station, smiling, Louis waves. He still has the taste of his wife's lipstick on his mouth. She gives a last wave, then takes a taxi back to Uccle. She asks the driver, who doesn't stop eyeing her up in the rear-view mirror:

"Tell me. If a total stranger invited you to live out something that you think is out of the ordinary, what would you do?"

The man swallows hard and stares at her with eyes as big saucers without daring to turn round. The vehicle crosses several districts before the awkward silence is broken.

"Turn round, please. I've changed my mind. Now we're going to Place de la Monnaie."

"Very well, madame."

Act four: the conversation.

Across from the theatre at la Monnaie, Anita is exposed to the cold wind gusting between the buildings. The turned-up collar protects the lower part of her cheeks. The cold makes her eyes water and dissipate the mixture of fear and excitement she had felt in the car. She isn't expecting to be approached by a kid.

"Are you Anita Pergola?"

She stares at him, incredulous: "Who are you?"

"My master sent me to fetch you."

"Who is your... master?"

"He told me you'd know soon enough."

And, betraying the carefree curiosity of childhood: "You really don't know?"

"No."

"He told me that you would be suspicious."

"What do you expect of me?"

"Follow me."

The lad moves off, quickly joined by Anita. He slips his hand into hers and moves through the streets, his pride showing in his haughty step and on his smiling face.

Act five: the torment

They stop at the entrance to an old Brussels alley. The walls of the buildings are dank and black. Oily smoke escapes from the basement windows. The dustbins stink. Anita instinctively recoils. The boy takes a silk scarf out of his jacket pocket:

"I must blindfold you."

She bends down to have half her face covered by the blindfold.

"Promise me that you won't take it off, neither going nor coming back."

"O.K."

"Good."

He makes her go forward several paces and, holding her by the arm, turns her round a few times. Then he guides her along a number of passages, makes her go up and down a few flights of stairs, holding her when she slips. Without warning her, the lad pushes the woman in the belly and shoves her back against a wall. Chains clink. He fastens her, making sure that she cannot undo the chains herself. Her arms are stretched out and up. Satisfied, he removes the scarf and lays a sturdy chain firmly across the woman's waist, pinning her to the wall, creasing her coat and suit, crushing her. The prisoner gnaws her top lip, fighting against the tingling brought on by an unforeseen desire.

Her shoes are replaced by leather cuffs linked by ropes to two rings in the opposite corners of the room. The little gaoler tightens the ropes one after the other, fastening them to the rings. The victim gives a little squeal when her other leg is stretched in a horizontal position because all her weight is now hanging from the fastenings at her waist and wrists. A metal gag, similar to a horse's bit, is put in her mouth, then fastened and pulled tight at the back of her neck. You must admit that the poor woman now finds herself in a very uncomfortable position. As all her attention is concentrated on the pain invading the extremities of her limbs and on this terrible bit of iron which, though it doesn't stop her making a noise does stop her closing her mouth, Anita has not noticed that the boy has left the room.

She sees herself in a series of mirrors opposite and can't help but be excited by the sight of her own captive body. How would she like to discover a woman in this position and at her mercy in the same way

that she herself is on offer to an unknown torturer? The room is equipped with various implements: pulleys, a torture rack, a wooden cross and lots of other things - she doesn't really know what they are used for. She pictures herself being forced to submit in turn to each of the tortures which the room imposes on her imagination. She also thinks of Louis, her husband, who, instead of taking pity on her, would be disgusted just hearing her describe her present situation.

Just as she is beginning to hope that whoever's toy she is to be would suddenly appear, the mirror in the middle pivots to reveal a sturdy, naked man wearing a black leather mask. His sex, tied at the root with thongs, is upright, insolent. The man appearing - almost taking up Anita's mental invitation - provokes a sexual shock in her. She feels great pride, whose source she does not try to explain. Great fear, too, when the enormous blade of the flick-knife snaps into place. The man cuts away that part of the clothes which had been covering the woman's bust and rips off her bra, then frees the tops of her thighs and her sex the same way. The cut clothes hang like rags. The unknown man slides his hand between the spread legs of the woman who has become an object, woman-decoration hanging on the wall, and without emotion discovers the ease with which his fingers can enter the wet opening. He introduces his penis without difficulty and, with a powerful thrust, plunges it right in. Anita, grimacing, moans briefly. The man, not touching her otherwise, intensifies his movements and Anita Pergola, lost between the pleasure and the nightmare, discovers other men entering the room via the mirrors. Barely aware of the presence of the new arrivals, she feels in her - despite the little rubber hood - the ejaculation of the man, who does not utter a single sound and shows no sign of emotion. He withdraws immediately and leaves the room.

The woman slave has no time to ask herself any questions, nor the chance to wallow in her frustration as a second man takes the first one's place and comes immediately. He is replaced by the next-in-line who drives his victim towards a pitch of arousal, cut short just as ferociously as the one before.

And so the round of besiegers continues, males waiting in line, black masks laced tight, sexes upright, each one quietly taking his turn, forcing moans and groans from their joint victim. The slow dance of collective rape seems to have no end. Anita Pergola, weakened by these vigorous and never-ending visitations, bathed in sweat, barely able to keep her head up and her eyes open, is nearing exhaustion. The queue of men is still long, seems endless. Anita can't stand it any longer. Her poor little vagina is beginning to tire and hurt. The last vestiges of pleasure melt like snow in the sun, though the thrusts remain implacable. The woman begins to beg:

"Please. It... it's enough..."

No luck. Another one and yet another. Her arms are stiff with cramp, her sex is sore, her spirit heavy.

"That'll do! Enough! I can't take any more..."

Her words are distorted by the metal gag. The horde of torturers continues its work unruffled. The woman's body twists and turns to no avail in an attempt to escape the suffering. Her nerves no longer convey anything but pain and her breathing is ragged. Her voice is becoming hoarse. Her sex is nothing but an enormous, irritated hole. Darkness.

Act six: the awakening

The young boy, on whose lap Anita's head is resting, strokes her hair. She does not open her eyes immediately and becomes aware that she is lying on the floor, wrapped in a warm blanket. Her body radiates so much suffering that she is unable to localize any particular ill, apart from the spinning in her head. Getting up, the boy guides her through the mirror towards a shower-room where he washes her and spruces her up. He points out to her the fresh clothes that have come from her own flat and lets her get dressed again by herself. The kid watches her closely whilst she puts her lipstick on.

"Who do I owe his treatment to?" she asks him.

He shrugges his shoulders. She stares at him. He shrugges his shoulders, lifting his hands, and smiles. When she is quite ready, the boy takes her by the hand again and leads her through other rooms and along other corridors. She covers half the distance blindfolded. They emerge into a different street.

"It's still dark?" Anita is surprised.

"It's dark again," her little companion corrects her.

He shoves her into a white limousine, giving her orders "not to talk to the chauffeur".

Act seven: the return

"You're very quiet," Louis says.

"I'm glad you're back," she replies, snuggling up to him on the back seat of the taxi, and adds: "It's when you're not here that I realize how much you mean to me."

The man, tired from three days of intense meetings, scarcely recognizes his wife in the days that follow: affable, even pleasant and smiling to herself all day as well as willing in bed. He discovers in her a tenderness that he did not know. In the following weeks, Anita - initially cursing whoever had given her such a shock - begins to thank whoever it was in her mind. She is no longer actually looking for anything other than the easy intimacy she has with her husband.

Epilogue

With the passing months, Anita Pergola - although having been more deeply traumatized than she thought - gradually comes to terms with the appeal her experience has for her. Her fondness for her husband is now spiced with a zest for cruelty and her sex life becomes more and more violent. Louis, who did not understand how insidious vice coming into their private life was until it was too late, now finds himself worn out, his back black and blue following a long whipping session. Huddled, his head on his wife's bosom, he confesses amidst tears that her friend Dominique had, from their first meeting, convinced him to let her organize the event. She had assured him that after it Anita would be more in love with him than ever before.

Dear Dominique...

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Copyright by Secret Magazine. Nothing may be reproduced by any means whatsoever without written permission of the publisher. That means me! The next issue is scheduled for June if all goes well...Enjoy! This magazine is a translation of our french edition. Some of the news is a little outdated, but that will change in the future. Thanks to all the people who helped me and special thanks & love to my wife, Catherine, for keeping up with me and supporting me during those "bad moments". Subscriptions: 2000BF/£40/80us\$ for 4 issues. Payment by credit card (Visa, Access, Mastercard, American Express, Diners Club) or cash. No cheques, please!

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DIRECT FROM THE DUNGEON OF MISTRESS ROXANNE

This is the first edition of a true section that we hope will become a regular feature in which Mistress Roxanne tells us about her everyday experiences.

My guests arrived, five in number: a dominant couple, Odile and Frederic, a female slave, Arielle, in the company of her Master, Marc, and a male slave, Bernard. We had chosen to meet at my place because of the SM equipment I have at my disposal. Odile is a novice dominatrix. The two Masters, Frederic and Marc, on the other hand, are veterans in the art of SM. Never before has Arielle known submission other than at the hands of her husband, with whom she has had a few soft sessions. She is offering herself to us for the first time. As for Bernard, he has been coming to me regularly for three years and in this time I have progressively trained him to endure hard SM. The slaves present themselves to us, in my great hall, stark naked, on their knees, eyes downcast. I question Arielle:

"How long have you been Master Marc's slave?"

"Six months, Mistress."

"Have you been submitted to bondage?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Flagellation?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Clamps?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Sodomy?"

"No, Mistress."

"We have agreed with Master Marc that we shall not exceed your limits this evening. Nothing will be done to you which is beyond your strength. In return, we demand that you endure everything without flinching. Have you understood?"

"Yes, Mistress. I shall try to be up to be worthy."

We attached Arielle to my Saint Andrew's cross where we left her suspended, her feet six inches off the ground, exposed to the caresses and touches of anyone who wanted, man or woman, whilst we attended to Bernard's treatment. The male slave found himself fixed with leather cuffs on his wrists which we fastened to chains hanging from the ceiling so that his arms were pulled up over his head. We chose the whips that we were going to use. I knew how to practise a very elaborate flagellation with Bernard so we were able to choose the hardest instruments. Odile grabbed a small whip with fine, biting thongs, Marc and Frederic chose plated leather whips. For my part, I preferred a long crop with a swat at the tip. We flogged the slave in turns, progressively intensifying the strength of the lashes. We did not spare him. His back, buttocks and thighs were covered with long, reddish weals. He writhed in his chains under the blows, clenching his teeth. He did not complain and only loud groans could be heard. All through the flogging his penis lost none of its erection. Bernard belongs to that rare category - true masochists - for whom extreme pain is sexually stimulating. I knew that he was already very excited. So whilst the two Masters were releasing him I said to him:

"You withstood the first ordeal bravely. I am going to give you a reward for your effort."

With these words I slipped a sort of leather briefs on him that had a hole in the front to put the penis and testicles through whilst a butt plug was fitted at the back. He gave a sigh of contentment when I

inserted the plug into his anus. We then fastened him to my bondage frame, tying wrists and ankles tight. We had agreed that I would then torture the slave with needles. The others left it to me as I was the only one with experience of this practice. I pinched the slave's nipples between two fingers and pierced both of them using a fine needle like the ones nurses use to give injections. I had to get rid of his erection for the next part of the operation so I rubbed his penis with ice until it became flaccid. Then I pulled the skin of the penis and pierced it successively with four needles on the underside of the shaft. Finally, I sewed up his foreskin with surgical thread. As a result of me handling him the slave was regaining his erection little by little but his foreskin, now sewn up, forced his penis to stay "indoors". Wanting to reward Bernard for the courage with which he had endured all our cruelties, we ordered him to kneel down in front of the Saint Andrew's cross where Arielle was still tied, thighs apart.

"Now, lick her pussy!" I ordered him.

He did this job for a long while, drawing small moans of pleasure from the female slave. Bernard, too, seemed to be enjoying the task he had been assigned. We encouraged him vigorously with a few hefty lashes of the whip to his buttocks. Once we thought that it was enough of that, we attached the male slave again, arms stretched to chains hanging from the ceiling. That done, we wrapped his whole body in cellophane, so keeping him tightly "tied" with this new type of "sausage-skin". We only left him an opening for his mouth and nose so that he could breathe. I knew that Bernard was going to delight in the contact with this plasticated material whilst we turned our attentions to Arielle. Odile had already gone over to her and was caressing her all over, brushing against her thighs, her belly, her pubes... We joined him. Soon hands were feeling the slave all over. After having explored all the nooks and crannies of her body, we put clamps on her nipples. I showed Odile how to apply the vibrator to the tip of her breast, right up against the clamps, to increase their "bite". Arielle let herself go completely, abandoning herself to our cruelties without resistance. We took her down from the cross and led her into my other torture chamber. There we made her lie on the floor, in the middle of the room, and fastened her wrists and ankles to pulleys with which we suspended her three feet off the floor, her limbs pulled apart by the tension of the ropes. I blindfolded her, whilst hands were already adventuring into all parts of her body. Being a novice slave, there was no question of torturing Arielle as hard as we had done with Bernard. So we chose small soft leather whips, intended to warm her skin gently. We whipped her on the buttocks and the inner thighs, alternating lashes and caresses there where the skin, reddened by the whip, had become more sensitive. Odile and I spread her lips, titillating her clitoris, inserting our fingers into her vagina. We excited her with vibrators. She was moaning softly, panting, her breathing was irregular.

"Don't come!" Odile forbade her.

We let the two Masters in their turn busy themselves with her pussy whilst I dripped candle-wax on her belly and breasts. The hot wax made her jump and squeal, torn between pain and pleasure.

"And her anus!" I exclaimed. "We have to have a go at that too!"

At these words Odile inserted a liberally greased finger into Ariel's little hole, soon replaced by a long, thin vibrator. Felt all over, buggered for the first time, she was writhing with pleasure. Her legs spread wide apart by the pulleys, she offered herself to Marc and Frederic, who took it in turns to make love to her whilst she licked Odile's and my breasts. After having used her in this way, we undid her and took her back to my great hall where we ordered her to get up on the bondage table on all fours. Here I explored her intimate parts, opening them up with a speculum. In this position - like that of a sacrificial offering - we could all examine her and so, with the aid of a small lamp, observe the interior of her vagina through the gap in the speculum. We enjoyed a glass of champagne whilst the slave offered us the spectacle of her most secret flesh. When we decided to free Arielle from the speculum, it was to tie her down across the pommel horse. Thus immobilized, her buttocks in the air, her rump was exposed to the torture of our whips. Odile wanted a crop to hit her with. I gave her one, with a big enough tip to leave no marks on her skin. She prescribed her twenty strokes, and began beating her with all her strength. At the tenth, the slave begged for mercy in a voice close to tears. I realized that we had reached her limit and that it would have been unwise to go beyond it. So I signalled Odile to hit less hard whilst, armed with vibrators, plunging Arielle into a particularly troubled state where suffering is mingled with sensual pleasure.

"You can come now," her Master, Marc, told her when the slave was on the point of shouting out her pleasure. She shook for a long time and, having succumbed to a violent orgasm, she collapsed, exhausted from pleasure. We untied Arielle and ordered her to kneel in front of Odile and me. Once again, she had to suck our tits, tonguing our nipples, grasping our boobs firmly in her hands. Odile was the first to take off her knickers and offer herself up, legs spread wide apart, to the delicious sensations brought to her by Arielle's expert tongue. In a lesbian duo, the slave greedily licked her Mistress, avidly exploring her sex, drawing shudders of pleasure from her until Odile in her turn was shaken by spasms. And finally, the slave came to me and presented herself, servile. I opened the front of my skirt to let her take my sex, already erect from the tantalizing spectacle of two women making love. All my guests knew full well that I am a transsexual. For all that, Arielle was nevertheless taken aback for a moment, amazed by the ambiguous contrast of this penis planted on the body of a woman whose round breasts she had just been sucking. She smiled at me with a sparkle in her eyes when I ordered her to suck me and she began to lavish a blow-job on me that was soon to put me in seventh heaven. When I felt the orgasm rising in me, I withdrew from the slave's mouth and shot all over her face, which she presented submissively to me. We freed Bernard and the two slaves came to prostrate themselves in front of Odile and me, kissing their Mistresses' feet at our command. This was the sign that the session was coming to an end. We spent the rest of the evening chatting pleasantly whilst drinking champagne served by Marc and Frederic.

Maitresse Roxanne.



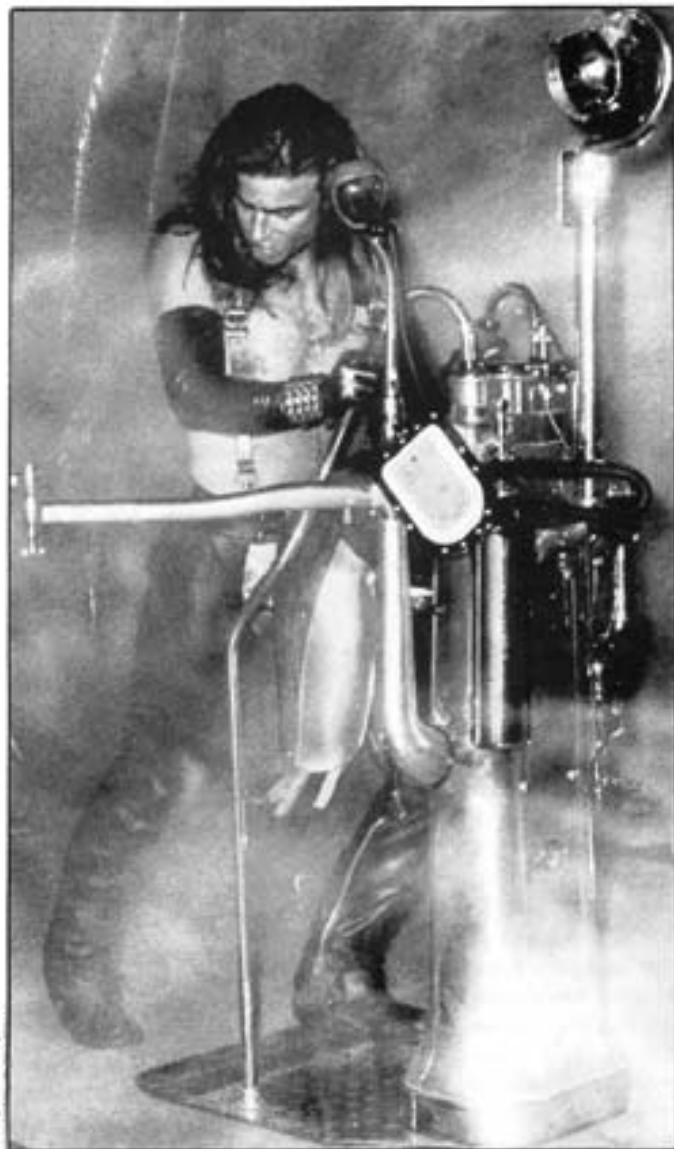
ITALY: The artist Susi Gottardi will be among the illustrators of the next publication from *Glittering Images: "Marquis de Sade, Illustrated Anthology"*. She, too, is a free-lance artist who will do you rather "special" fetishist, bondage, porno or SM drawings. SUSI GOTTARDI, C.P. 6024, 40138 Bologna, Italy. **NETHERLANDS:** The specialists from MASSAD offer you the latest in fetishist, bondage and SM books, magazines and videos as a small photocopied catalogue. In it you can find such classical videos as "Bondage Broadcast" and "Domination Games" at HFL 99 (BF 1,800). For more information, write to the following address: MASSAD, Postbus 3061, 3003 AB Rotterdam, Netherlands.

EXPECTATIONS: Lets cheerfully labour an obvious point: it takes all sorts to make the world! You don't need to be homosexual, however, to appreciate the products of this firm - based in London and Amsterdam - which has a very good reputation for quality in the gay fetishist world. Very beautiful creations in leather: bikers' jackets, trousers and shorts and a very interesting latex range, too. A visit to their boutiques could prove interesting for anyone into the erotic universe as you can discover articles and accessories quite different from the "classical" boutiques! So let's be "open-minded" - let yourself be carried away by your desires, they might respond to your expectations! **EXPECTATIONS**, 75 Great Eastern Street, London, England and **Expectations**, Warmerstraat 32, 1012 JE Amsterdam, Netherlands (tel: 020-245573).

"X" BIZARRE COMICS: Coming from the lands of ice and inspired by torrid fetishist dreams, "X" is making its debut in the world of fetishist publications. Strictly speaking, "X" isn't a magazine but rather a "combination" of ideas uniquely retranscribed in the drawing. So you will be able to find in this astonishing first number little Betty Page, queen of the "Party of Death", a super poster (see "X"stract), the extraordinary adventures of a transsexual and, finally, a story about a gay Jesus Christ. If you're into this sort of comic, send for more information. Remember, it's not a "big firm" and their funds are limited, so enclose an IRC and mention **SECRET** magazine! "X" Ullmanen, Kallioite 16 As 2, 90500 Oulu, Finland

SEX
MACHINES

© Jacques Lestrangin



© Jacques Lestrangin



SEX MACHINES BY XANAX

The era when technology unites robot with sex is near. An extraterrestrial? No, not at all! An absolutely incredible Belgian invention! Xanax is a Belgian artist from Gent who has turned his fantasy of a machine programmed entirely for sex into reality. Moulded on a metallic structure, the two legs are of rubber! They are almost real, equipped with a vibrating artificial vagina. The machines are REALLY IT. The possibilities are huge, probably unlimited: video screen for showing films or for watching oneself, the option of adding gas-masks, oxygen bottles, movements of the legs, hips or other mechanical parts such as the chrome arms... This is a world first, never before has such a perfect machine been constructed! The attention to detail, the finish and the mad ideas undisputedly make these machines, seven in all, an event. There was a preview with four machines at the Europeve party in Amsterdam. It was a great success! SKIN TWO will probably put one of these "sex machines" on the cover of one of its next editions. All the machines were presented exclusively at the Secret party on 23 May. The machines were discovered by Cathy, Boutique Minuit's charming owner, whom the artist has entrusted with selling his "collection". The artist himself still has to fix a price for the machines but the chrome model will come about BF 300,000 and the others about BF 200,000. This makes the "shaker" expensive but they are unique and you can live out your fantasies to order (I was going to say to measure, oops!). Interested? Ring Jürgen at Boutique Minuit (tel: + 32-2-2230914 between 1030 a.m. and 630 p.m.)

XANAX

SKIN TWO COLLECTION 3 by MURRAY & VERN As we've mentioned before: there is friendly competition among the professionals of fetishism, with the beauty of each catalogue at stake. As you can see, the English SKIN TWO's latest catalogue is sublime. Photographed entirely by PETER ASHWORTH (of *The Face Magazine*, the Eurythmics' album...), it's a masterpiece. Against a plain background with objets d'art and resolutely modern furniture he puts latex in a context more fashion than sex. Platform shoes, bracelets, earrings: everything exudes the avant-garde. It's another way of getting latex accepted and probably the best! In this latest collection you can admire catsuits for only BF 6,200, studded bustiers, superb dresses, men's shorts, *** PERFECTOS, trousers, dresses in lycra trimmed with latex, bodies and a superb silvery dress for only BF 2,500. I ask myself how they do it. There's an index and an order form. It's stylish, nice, avant-garde - and I could go on like that but I ask myself where the quality-price ratio is. At £7 for 28 colour pages it isn't exactly cheap. But be like me and go wild; even if you don't like latex - it's a jewel to collect. You can order it direct from SKIN TWO, 23 Grand Union Centre, Kensal Road, London W10 5BR, England or from the boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium and from other good fetishist boutiques or specialist bookshops. Price £7 or BF500

NETHERLANDS: The DeMask boutique is getting too small! Due to the success of the creations of the now well-established Steve English, they're seriously thinking of moving. The biggest problem will probably be finding a place that's not too expensive. Knowing the sort of prices they charge in Amsterdam, that won't be easy.

ENGLAND: Our little doll Tabby has just made her first video. Everybody remembers her from when she used to work at Camden Market and from her latest catalogue, which we presented on several occasions. In our video section soon! For more information: Tabby, P.O. Box 916, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, SS0 8QD, England. Price: £ 15.

NETHERLANDS: Ellen Schippers, designer and post-modern stylist, has just launched her latest collection. The marriage of net and latex is a great success. There is still tremendous media interest in her inflatable suits - a distinctive feature that has turned her into a stylist with her own label. A new catalogue is on the way, for more info write to: ELLEN SCHIPPERS DESIGN, 1e Jan Steenstraat 112, 1072 NR Amsterdam, Netherlands.



© Skin Two/Peter Ashworth

OLIVIA De BERARDINIS

MUSIC: The group U2, currently on world tour, has changed its look. After the Indian hats and the typical look, they have changed direction completely. Vinyl trousers, little shiny plastic jackets and grave glasses are on the front cover! The fans are following suit... and you? **BATMAN II:** In the super production **BATMAN II**, Michelle Pfeiffer is wearing a superb latex outfit! Enough to pole-axe you!

FRANCE: Cliché Magazine is negotiating with the famous photographer **THOMAS GLOVER** about bringing out a book devoted entirely to him. Presentation in the next edition of **SECRET!**

USA: EXTREME RIGHT?! Our friend Brenda Tatebaum, editor of *Eidos Magazine* in Boston has sent us a grave letter. She informed us that the United States are in the process of drifting to the right. Freedom of press, thought and expression are restricted and everything is controlled by the powerful machinery of state. She also informed us that the United States are on the point of exploding... this was just before the troubles in California.

BELGIUM: POPPERS=EXTASY? An article in "*De Morgen*" (Belgian newspaper) portrayed poppers as a substitute for Extasy, the drug which is all the rage. This is very disturbing because the two substances have nothing to do with each other. Other bad news is that we can "die" from an overdose of poppers - but this is also true of chocolate, vitamin C and other "substances". Take care just the same because poppers are a mixture of chemical products which can cause problems if used regularly and in large quantities.

OLIVIA De BERARDINIS Shame on you if you still don't know this artist of genius. On a par with Sorayama, Robert Bleu etc, she'll blow your mind with her seductive, roguish and outrageous creatures. The drawing shown here is May on the 92 calendar, produced as every year for Ozone Productions. She is very well-known for her drawings of Betty Page. If you wish to obtain this gem, write to: O CARD CORP, P O BOX 111, ROSLYN, N.Y. 11576, USA. Price: \$14.95.



© Olivia De Berardinis

NYMPHO... UNSATISFIED

Dear Nympho, So it's not enough for you to be kissed by your lover who, I'm sure, gets bolder and bolder in order to satisfy you... You need two of them! But he's only got one of them. That will never do! No problem, I'll volunteer to help your boy-friend and offset the (as you say) advantage that you hold over the male of the species. Reinforced thus, it would be surprising if you didn't get something out of it, kissed, possessed and fucked from both sides at once, caressed all over, taken in every way, your mouth, your sex and the other suitably lubricated cunt, rasped, rammed and swept. In the interval you will even be able to handle the accessories which are so dear to you, to weigh their fruits in your hands and test their tenderness and stiffness.

BELZEBUB

SEA, SEX and SM

You are often at a loss for where to go on holiday and you can even spend ridiculous amounts of money to be bored among snobbish and uninteresting people. If you still haven't made up your mind, this might interest you: a super club with swimming pool, exotic garden, satellite TV and a library of 200 SM videos! All meals included. You will be met at the airport and every day, guess what... a 2 hour SM session! The price for a single man is the same as for a couple as women don't pay! To my knowledge there is no other holiday which could get you back in condition like this formula! For more information: Anne and Edward Williams, Aptdo. 8, 29130 Alhaurin de la Torre, Malaga, Spain. Tel: 34 52 41 1 63 (Price: 75,000 pesetas/BF 24,000/FF 4000 a week!) Don't forget to mention that it was SECRET magazine that sent you! Happy holiday!

BELGIUM: MSC Belgium, a gay leather SM club, organizes several parties a year and meets every first Friday of the month at "7", Plattesteen 7, 1000 Brussels. Their parties are dress-code, which means you must dress in leather, latex, navy's clothes, Western... More information from the following address: MSC Belgium, B.P. 699, 1000 Bruxelles 1, Belgium.

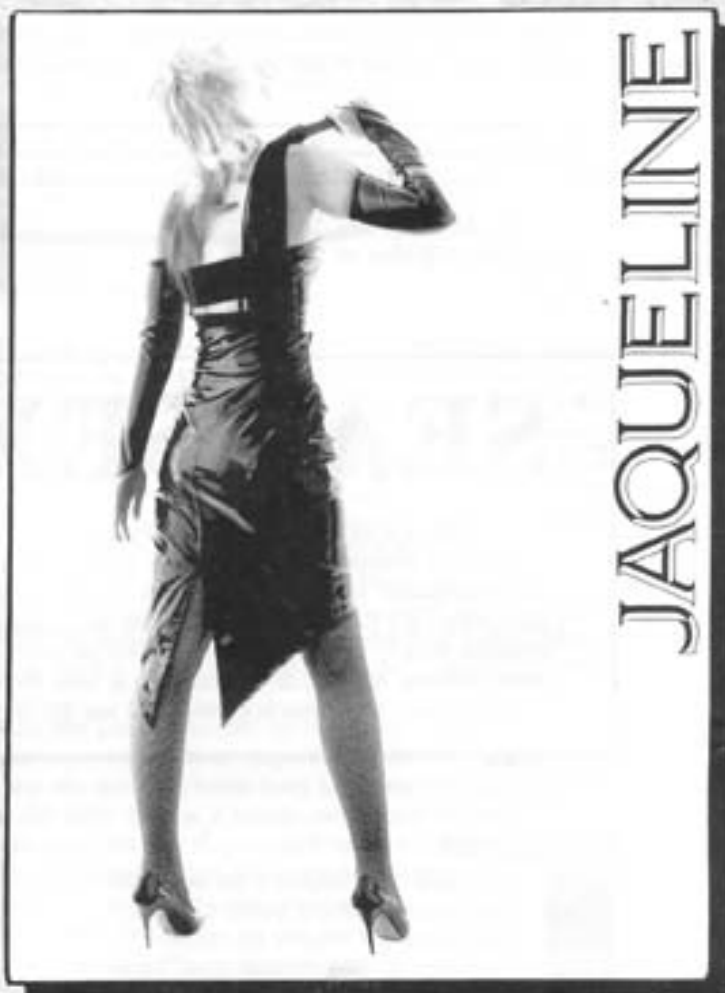
ENGLAND: Skin Two's new video N°4 is beautiful. In the programme: a report on DeMask's fashions, an interview with Bob Carlos Clarke (see the latest Lui), a meeting with the young designer Fleur Oakes, a discussion with the photographer Della Grace and a report on Randall Housk's exhibition in the Netherlands (running time: 60 minutes).

USA: BR Creations edits an interesting magazine on how to reduce the waist-line using Victorian corsets. Published in English, it explains the measures and possibilities, in short "directions for use". Send \$6 for a colour catalogue: B.R. CREATIONS, P.O. Box 4201, Mountain View, CA 94040, USA.





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